THE

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FOR AUGUST, 1804.

LXVIII. *The Correſpondence of* SAMUEL RICHARDSON, *Author of Pamela, Clariſſa, and Sir Charles Grandiſon. Selected from the Original Manuſcripts, bequeathed by him to his Family; to which are prefixed, a Biographical Account of that Author, and Obſervations on his Writings. By* ANN LÆTITIA BARBAULD. *In Six Volumes. Phillips, price* 2*l.* 5*s. boards.*

THE Life and Letters of ſo celebrated a Noveliſt as RICHARDSON, cannot but be intereſting to readers of every deſcription. In this number we ſhall confine ourſelves to the Memoirs, knowing well that whatever comes from the pen of Mrs. Barbauld, is entitled to particular attention. This ingenious Lady opens with the following paragraph, illuſtrative of the nature of *Novel Writing*.

"There is no period in the hiſtory of any country, at all advanced in elegant literature, in which *fictitious adventures* have not made a large part of the reading men have moſt delighted in. They have been grafted upon the actions of their heroes, they have been interwoven with their mythology, they have been moulded upon the manners of the age, and, in return, have influenced not a little the manners of the next generation, by the principles they have inſinuated, and the ſenſibilities they have exerciſed. A ſpirit of adventure, a high ſenſe of honour, of martial glory, refined and romantic paſſion, ſentimental delicacy, or all the melting ſenſibilities of humanity, have been, in their turns, inſpired by this powerful engine, which takes ſo ſtrong a hold on the fancy and the paſſions of young readers. Adorned with the embelliſhments of poetry, they produce the epic; more concentrated in the ſtory, and exchanging narrative for action, they become dramatic; allied with ſome great moral end, didactic, as in the Telemaque of Fenelon, and the Beliſaire of Marmontel. They are often the vehicles of ſatire, as in the Candide and Babouc of Voltaire, and the Gulliver's Travels of Swift. They take a tincture from the learning and politics of the times, and are often made uſe of ſucceſsfully to attack or to recommend the prevailing ſyſtems of the day. We have ſeen liberty and equality recommended from one publication, and French principles expoſed in another. When the range of this kind of writing is ſo extenſive, and its effect ſo great, it is evident that it ought to hold no mean rank among the productions of genius; and, in truth, there is hardly any department of literature in which we ſhall meet with more fine writing than in the beſt productions of this kind. It is not eaſy therefore to ſay, why the poet ſhould have ſo high a place allotted him in the temple of Fame, and the romance-writer ſo low a one, as, in the general eſtimation, he is confined to, for his dignity as a writer has by no means been meaſured by the pleaſure he affords to his readers; yet the invention of a ſtory, the choice of proper incidents, the ordonnance of the plan, the exhibi-

tion of the character, the gradual development of a plot, occaſional beauties of deſcription, and, above all, the power exerciſed over the reader's heart, by filling it with the ſucceſſive emotions of love, pity, joy, anguiſh, tranſport, or indignation, together with the grave impreſſive moral reſulting from the whole, imply talents of the higheſt order, and ought to command our warmeſt praiſe. There is no walk in which taſte and genius have more diſtinguiſhed themſelves, or in which virtuous and noble ſentiments have come out with greater luſtre, than in the ſplendid fictions, or pathetic tales, with which France, Germany, Switzerland, and our own country, have adorned the annals of their literature. A hiſtory of romance writing, under all its various forms, would be an acceptable preſent to the public, if given by a man of taſte and ſufficient reading. But there are ſome periods which make, as it were, a new era in this kind of writing, and thoſe productions are more particularly deſerving our attention which ſtand at the head of a claſs, and have diverted the taſte of the public into ſome new channel. Of this kind are the writings of Mr. Richardſon, whoſe name, on the preſent occaſion, is brought anew before the public. He may, in a great meaſure, be ſaid to be the father of the modern novel of the ſerious or pathetic kind, and he was alſo original in the mode of epiſtolary writing by which he carried on the ſtory."

The *Biography* thus commences.

"Mr. SAMUEL RICHARDSON, whoſe name and genius no Engliſh readers, and it may be added, few foreign ones, are unacquainted with, is one inſtance, among innumerable others, of natural talents making their way to eminence, under the preſſure of narrow circumſtances, the diſadvantage of obſcure birth, and the want of a liberal education.

"The following is the account he gives of his family, in a letter to Mr. Stinſtra. 'My father was a very honeſt man, deſcended of a family of middling note, in the county of Surry, but which having for ſeveral generations a large number of children, the not large poſſeſſions were ſplit and divided, ſo that he and his brothers were put to trades, and the ſiſters were married to tradeſmen. My mother was alſo a good woman, of a family not ungenteel; but whoſe father and mother died in her infancy, within half an hour of each other, in the London peſtilence of 1665.

"'My father's buſineſs was that of a joiner, then more diſtinct from that of a carpenter than now it is with us. He was a good draughtſman, and underſtood architecture. His ſkill and ingenuity, and an underſtanding ſuperior to his buſineſs, with his remarkable integrity of heart and manners, made him perſonally beloved by ſeveral perſons of rank, among whom were the Duke of Monmouth and the firſt Earl of Shaftsbury, both ſo noted in our Engliſh hiſtory; their known favour for him having, on the Duke's attempt on the crown, ſubjected him to be looked upon with a jealous eye, notwithſtanding he was noted for a quiet and inoffenſive man, he thought proper, on the decollation of the firſt-named unhappy nobleman, to quit his London buſineſs, and to retire to Derbyſhire, though to his great detriment; and there I, and three other children out of nine, were born.'

"As it was probably a great diſadvantage to Mr. Richardſon's father to leave his flouriſhing buſineſs in London, and as it is not very likely that a man in his way of life ſhould have ſo companionable an intimacy with the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Shaftſbury, as to ſubject him to danger on that account merely; it is probable that he entered further into their political views, than appears from the foregoing account. Mr. Samuel Richardſon was born in the year 1689, in Derbyſhire, but in what particular place cannot be traced out. It is ſaid that Richardſon, from ſome motives known only to himſelf, always avoided mentioning the town which gave him birth. If this concealment aroſe from a reluctance to bring into view the obſcurity and narrow circumſtances in which his childhood was involved, the motive was an unworthy one, ſince they only ſerved to reflect honour on the genius which could break through ſo thick a cloud. But, in truth, the candour and openneſs with which he relates the circumſtances of his early life,

ought to clear him from this imputation. He goes on to inform his friend, that his father intended him for the church, a designation perfectly agreeable to his own inclinations, and which indeed his strong sense of religion, and the sobriety of his conduct, gave him an appropriate fitness for. But he adds: 'But while I was very young, some heavy losses having disabled him from supporting me as genteelly as he wished in an education proper for the function, he left me to choose, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, a business; having been able to give me only common school-learning.'

"Some of the admirers of Richardson have wished to raise his character by asserting, that he possessed a knowledge of the classics; but his own assertions are frequent in his letters, that he possessed no language but his own, not even French. It is said, indeed, that Dr. Young and he have been heard to quote Horace and other classics in their familiar conversations, and the letters of the pedant Brand in Clarissa, which are larded with Latin quotations, are adduced as proofs of his scholarship; but, with regard to the latter, it seems probable, as may be seen in the letters, that he was assisted by his friend Mr. Channing; and, as to the former, it is not unlikely that he might be familiar with a few of those Latin phrases which are used, in a manner proverbially, by scholars, as the garniture of their discourse; and that he might also remember something of the rudiments, which he probably learnt at school, neither of which circumstances imply any real knowledge of the language. His deficiencies in this respect he often lamented; and it is certain his style is as far as possible from that of a scholar. It abounds with colloquial vulgarisms, and has neither that precision, nor that tincture of classic elegance, which is generally the result of an early familiarity with the best models.

"But, however an ignorance of the learned languages might, some centuries ago, have precluded the unlearned Englishman from those treasures of literature which open the faculties and enlarge the understanding, our own tongue now contains productions of every kind sufficient to kindle the flame of genius in a congenial mind. Reading, provided a man seeks rather after good books than new books, still continues to be the cheapest of all amusements; and the boy who has barely learned to read at a village school-dame's, is in possession of a key which will unlock the treasures of Shakespeare and of Milton, of Addison and of Locke. Nor is time generally wanting; the severest labour has its intervals, in which the youth, who is stung with the thirst of knowledge, will steal to the page that gratifies his curiosity, and afterwards brood over the thoughts which have been there kindled, while he is plying the awl, planing the board, or hanging over the loom. To have this desire implanted in the young mind, does, indeed, require some peculiarly favourable circumstances. These can sometimes be traced, oftener not. In regular education, the various stimuli that produce this effect are subject to our observation, and distinctly marked; in like manner as we know the nature and quality of the seed we sow in gardens and cultured ground; but of those geniuses called self-taught, we usually know no more than we do of the wild flowers that spring up in the fields. We know very well they had a seed, but we are ignorant by what accidental circumstances the seed of one has been conveyed by the winds to some favourable spot, where it has been safely lodged in the bosom of the ground, nor why it germinates there, and springs up in health and vigour, while a thousand others perish. Some observation struck the young sense; some verse, repeated in his hearing, dropt its sweetness on the unfolding ear; some nursery story, told with impressive tones and gestures, has laid hold on the kindling imagination, and thus have been formed, in solitude and obscurity, the genius of a Burns or a Shakespeare.

"With regard to Richardson, it is not often we possess such particular information as he has given us, in his own words, of his early invention, and powers of affecting the heart.—'I recollect, that I was early noted for having invention. I was not fond of play, as other boys: my schoolfellows used to call me *Serious* and *Gravity*; and five of them particularly delighted to single me out, either for a walk, or at their father's houses, or at mine, to tell them sto-

ries, as they phraſed it. Some I told them, from my reading, as true; others from my head, as mere invention; of which they would be moſt fond, and often were affected by them. One of them particularly, I remember, was for putting me to write a hiſtory, as he called it, on the model of Tommy Pots; I now forget what it was, only that it was of a a ſervant-man preferred by a fine young lady (for his goodneſs) to a lord, who was a libertine. All my ſtories carried with them, I am bold to ſay, an uſeful moral.'"

It appears he was always fond of letter-writing; and he fixed upon the buſineſs of a printer, to gratify his thirſt for reading. He was bound to a Mr. Wilde, of Stationers-hall, in 1706. He then ſet up for himſelf, and ſoon got on in the world. He married twice; firſt, his maſter's daughter, who died in 1731; and his ſecond was daughter of Mr. Leake, bookſeller, Bath, who ſurvived him twelve years.

His *Literary* hiſtory thus begins.

"But the genius of Richardſon was not deſtined to be for ever employed in uſhering into the world the productions of others. Neither city feaſts and honours, nor printing law books and acts of parliament, nor the cares of a family, and the management of ſo large a concern of buſineſs, could quench the ſpark that glowed within him, or hinder the lovely ideas that played about his fancy, from being cloathed in words, and produced to captivate the public ear. The printer in Saliſbury-court was to create a new ſpecies of writing; his name was to be familiar in the mouths of the great, the witty, and the gay, and he was deſtined to give one motive more to the reſt of Europe, to learn the language of his country. The early fondneſs of Mr. Richardſon for epiſtolary writing has already been mentioned, as alſo that he employed his pen occaſionally for the booksellers. They deſired him to give them a volume of Familiar Letters, upon a variety of ſuppoſed occaſions. He began, but, letter producing letter, like John Bunyan, 'as he pulled, it came;' till, unexpected to himſelf, the reſult was his *Hiſtory of Pamela*. His account of it is as follows:—'The writing it, then, was owing to the following occaſion:—Two bookſellers, my particular friends, entreated me to write for them a little volume of Letters, in a common ſtyle, on ſuch ſubjects as might be of uſe to thoſe country readers, who were unable to indite for themſelves. Will it be any harm, ſaid I, in a piece you want to be written ſo low, if we ſhould inſtruct them how they ſhould think and act in common caſes, as well as indite? They were the more urgent with me to begin the little volume for this hint. I ſet about it; and, in the progreſs of it, writing two or three letters to inſtruct handſome girls, who were obliged to go out to ſervice, as we phraſe it, how to avoid the ſnares that might be laid againſt their virtue: the above ſtory recurred to my thought: And hence ſprung Pamela. This volume of letters is not worthy of your peruſal. I laid aſide ſeveral letters after I had written them for this volume, as too high for the view of my two friends.'

"This was written, (it was then only in two volumes) in three months. The idea he ſet out with of writing letters for rather the lower claſs, probably determined him to the ſtation of his heroine, and the ſimplicity of her language.

"The author's object in Pamela is two-fold: to reclaim a libertine by the influence of virtuous affection, and to conduct virtue ſafe and triumphant through the ſevereſt trials, to an honourable reward. For this purpoſe Pamela, a young girl, born of poor, but pious and worthy parents, taken by a lady of faſhion to wait upon her perſon, and brought up by her with great tenderneſs and attention to her improvement, is, after the lady's death, at which event the ſtory opens, expoſed to the ſolicitations of her youthful maſter, the only ſon of her benefactreſs. The ſtory is carried on by letters, chiefly between Pamela and her father and mother. Her youth and innocence render her, for ſome time, unſuſpecting of the paſſion ſhe has inſpired; and, when ſhe can no longer miſunderſtand the purpoſes of her maſter, ſhe prepares to leave his houſe, but he detains her under various pretences, and attempts liberties with her perſon, which ſhe reſiſts with firmneſs, as well as his pecuniary offers; though not diſinclined to his perſon,

and though she has no resource, on the supposition of leaving him, but to return to hard country labour. Her behaviour is all the while full of humility and respect to her master, in every instance consistent with the defence of her honour. Her master, who, though young, is a practised libertine, finding her protected by the watchful advice of her parents, and by the care of a virtuous housekeeper, who had belonged to his mother, determines to convey her to a place where she shall be entirely in his power. Under pretence, therefore, of sending her home to her parents, he has her conveyed to another of his seats, where she is absolutely confined, under the guardianship of an abandoned woman, whose office it has been to minister to his pleasures. The poor Pamela forms many schemes to get away, and endeavours, by means of a young clergyman, to engage some of the families of the neighbourhood in her favour, but without effect. She then endeavours to escape alone, and actually gets through a barred window into the garden, from whence she hopes to escape into the fields, though ignorant of any one who will receive her; but she falls, and bruises herself in attempting to get over the high brick wall. Her sufferings in this attempt are affectingly described. Finding all her schemes abortive, she is greatly tempted to free herself from the danger of dishonour, by throwing herself into the pond, but considerations of piety at length prevail, and she determines to trust to Providence. Her master at length, after many ineffectual attempts to vanquish her resistance, begins to relent, professes honourable love to her; and, after a severe struggle between his passion and his pride of birth and fortune, offers her his hand in marriage. Pamela acknowledges her love for him, and accepts (almost upon her knees it must be allowed) his proposal. Difficulties remain to be got over with Lady Davers, a proud and termagant woman of quality, sister to Mr. B. but the sweetness and prudence of Pamela overcome her dislike, and the whole concludes with the perfect happiness of the wedded pair."

Mrs. Barbauld thus criticises *Pamela*.

"The fame of this once favourite work is now somewhat tarnished by time, as well as eclipsed by the author's subsequent publications; but the enthusiasm with which it was received, shews incontrovertably, that a *novel* written on the side of virtue was considered as a new experiment.

"Appreciating it at this distance of time, we must acknowledge that the faults are great, but the beauties are genuine. The character of Pamela, so long as her sole object was to resist her master's attempts, is beautifully drawn, with many affecting incidents, and little strokes of nature. Her innocent prattle to Mrs. Jervis, the rustic dress in which she equips herself, when determined to leave her place, her stealing down to the kitchen to try if she could scour the pewter, in order to accustom herself to coarse household work—"I see I could do it," says she, "it only blistered my hand in two places;" the sudden spring she gives on seeing her father, by which she overturns the card-table, and the affecting account of her sufferings on attempting to make her escape, are all worthy of a master-hand. There are not many under-characters in this work; the most pleasing, and perhaps the best sustained, of the whole, are those of Goodman Andrews and his wife, Pamela's father and mother. It would not be easy to find a prettier picture of low life, and of true English low life, in its most respectable garb; made respectable by strict honesty, humility, patience of labour, and domestic affection; the whole rendered saintly and venerable by a touching air of piety and resignation, which pervades all their sentiments. The behaviour of the old man, when he walks to Mr. B.'s to enquire after his child; and his humble grief, is truly pathetic. The language of the good couple is simple, without being vulgar. It is not the simplicity of Arcadian shepherds: It is such as people in low life, with the delicacy of a virtuous mind, might fall into without any other advantages than a bible education. It is the simplicity of an English cottage. Mrs. Jervis, the virtuous house-keeper, is well-intentioned, grateful, but timid. The other, Mrs. Jewkes, is drawn in coarse but natural colours. The pride and passion of Lady Davers are strongly

drawn, ſome may think, perhaps too ſtrongly, for a lady of her faſhion; but we every now and then ſee inſtances in which nature will get the better of the decorums of life, and one of Richardſon's correſpondents tells him he could find him half a dozen Lady Davers's (her wit excepted) amongſt his quality acquaintance.

"The character of Mr. B. himſelf is drawn with leſs addreſs than that of any one in the piece; he is proud, ſtern, ſelfiſh, forbidding, (ſelfiſh, that is to ſay, in his love, for he has generoſity enough in money matters) and his ideas of the authority of a huſband are ſo high, that it is not eaſy to conceive of Pamela's being rewarded by marrying him, unleſs her regard for external circumſtances was greater than the author would wiſh to have ſuppoſed. The moral of this piece is more dubious than, in his life time, the author's friends were willing to allow. So long as Pamela is ſolely occupied in ſchemes to eſcape from her perſecutor, her virtuous reſiſtance obtains our unqualified approbation; but from the moment ſhe begins to entertain hopes of marrying him, we admire her guarded prudence, rather than her purity of mind. She has an end in view, an intereſted end, and we can only conſider her as the conſcious poſſeſſor of a treaſure, which ſhe is wiſely reſolved not to part with but for its juſt price. Her ſtaying in his houſe a moment after ſhe found herſelf at liberty to leave it, was totally unjuſtifiable; her repentant lover ought to have followed her to her father's cottage, and to have married her from thence. The familiar footing upon which ſhe condeſcends to live with the odious Jewkes, ſhews alſo, that her fear of offending the man ſhe hoped to make her huſband, had got the better of her delicacy and juſt reſentment, and the ſame fear leads her to give up her correſpondence with honeſt Mr. Williams, who had generouſly ſacrificed his intereſt with his patron in order to effect her deliverance. In real life we ſhould, at this period, conſider Pamela as an intereſted girl; but the author ſays, ſhe married Mr. B. becauſe he had won her affection, and we are bound, it may be ſaid to believe an author's own account of his characters. But again, is it quite natural that a girl, who had ſuch a genuine love for virtue, ſhould feel her heart attracted to a man who was endeavouring to deſtroy that virtue? Can a woman value her honour infinitely above her life, and hold in ſerious deteſtation every word and look contrary to the niceſt purity, and yet be won by thoſe very attempts againſt her honour to which ſhe expreſſes ſo much repugnance? Does not pious love aſſimilate with pious, and pure with pure? There is, indeed, a gentle ſeduction of the affections, from which a virtuous woman might find herſelf in danger, eſpecially when there exiſted ſuch a bar to legitimate union as great diſparity of rank and fortune; but this kind of ſeduction was not what Mr. B. employed' He did not poſſeſs, with Sedley,

——"That prevailing gentle art,
Which can with a reſiſtleſs force, impart
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart;
Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire
Between declining virtue and deſire,
That the poor vanquiſhed maid diſſolves away,
In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.

His attempts were of the groſſeſt nature, and, previous to, and during thoſe attempts, he endeavoured to intimidate her by ſternneſs. He puts on the maſter too much to win upon her as the lover. Can affection be kindled by outrage and inſult? Surely, if her paſſions were capable of being awakened in his favour, during ſuch a perſecution, the circumſtance would be capable of an interpretation very little conſiſtent with that delicacy the author meant to give her. The other alternative is, that ſhe married him for

'The gilt coach, and dappled Flanders' mares.'

Indeed, the exceſſive humility and gratitude expreſſed by herſelf and her parents on her exaltation, ſhews a regard to rank and riches beyond the juſt meaſure of an independent mind. The pious Goodman Andrews ſhould not have thought his virtuous daugh-

ter ſo infinitely beneath her licentious maſter, who, after all, married her to gratify his own paſſions.

"The indelicate ſcenes in this novel have been juſtly found fault with, and are, indeed, totally indefenſible. Dr. Watts, to whom he ſent the volumes, inſtead of compliments, writes him word, that he underſtands the ladies complain they cannot read them without bluſhing.

"Great curioſity was expreſſed by many, to know whether the ſtory was founded in fact; juſt as children aſk eagerly, when they hear a ſtory that pleaſes them, 'Is it true?' The author received anonymous letters from ſix ladies, who preſſed him to declare, upon his honour, which they were ſure he was too much of a gentleman to violate, whether the ſtory was true or falſe, and they hoped Mrs. B. if there was ſuch a lady, would not be againſt ſatisfying a requeſt which redounded ſo much to her honour; they tell him alſo, that they have taken an oath to keep the ſecret, if he will intruſt them with it; and that they will never ceaſe writing till he has obliged them. He tells them, in his anſwer, that it was never known, ſince the world began, that a ſecret was kept which had been entruſted to ſix ladies, and pretends that he was not at liberty to break the truſt; alſo, that they are very unreaſonable in expecting him to give up the name of his heroine to ladies who keep their own names a ſecret.

"The real Pamela was ſaid by ſome to be the wife of Sir Arthur Hazelrig, who had then lately married his maid; others affirmed, with great confidence, that ſhe was daughter to the gamekeeper of the Earl of Gainſborough, who had rewarded her virtue by exalting her to the rank of Counteſs."

But we muſt here add a letter of Richardſon to Aaron Hill, which explains the whole.

"Dear Sir,

"I will now write to your queſtion —Whether there was any original ground-work of fact, for the general foundation of Pamela's ſtory.

"About twenty-five years ago, a gentleman, with whom I was intimately acquainted (but who, alas! is now no more!) met with ſuch a ſtory as that of Pamela, in one of the ſummer tours which he uſed to take for his pleaſure, attended with one ſervant only. At every inn he put up at, it was his way to inquire after curioſities in its neighbourhood, either ancient or modern; and particularly he aſked who was the owner of a fine houſe, as it ſeemed to him, beautifully ſituated, which he had paſſed by (deſcribing it) within a mile or two of the inn.

"It was a fine houſe, the landlord ſaid. The owner was Mr. B. a gentleman of a large eſtate in more counties than one. That his and his lady's hiſtory engaged the attention of every body who came that way, and put a ſtop to all other inquiries, though the houſe and gardens were well worth ſeeing. The lady, he ſaid, was one of the greateſt beauties in England; but the qualities of her mind had no equal: beneficent, prudent, and equally beloved and admired by high and low. That ſhe had been taken at twelve years of age, for the ſweetneſs of her manners and modeſty, and for an underſtanding above her years, by Mr. B.'s mother, a truly worthy lady, to wait on her perſon. Her parents, ruined by ſuretiſhips, were remarkably honeſt and pious, and had inſtilled into their daughter's mind the beſt principles. When their misfortunes happened firſt, they attempted a little ſchool, in their village, where they were much beloved; he teaching writing and the firſt rules of arithmetic to boys; his wife plain needlework to girls, and to knit and ſpin; but that it anſwered not: and, when the lady took their child, the induſtrious man earned his bread by day labour, and the loweſt kind of huſbandry.

"That the girl, improving daily in beauty, modeſty, and genteel and good behaviour, by the time ſhe was fifteen, engaged the attention of her lady's ſon, a young gentleman of free principles, who, on her lady's death, attempted, by all manner of temptations and devices, to ſeduce her. That ſhe had recourſe to as many innocent ſtratagems to eſcape the ſnares laid for her virtue; once, however, in deſpair, having been near drowning; that, at laſt, her noble reſiſtance, watchfulneſs, and excellent qualities, ſubdued him, and he thought fit to make her his wife. That ſhe behaved

herſelf with ſo much dignity, ſweetneſs, and humility, that ſhe made herſelf beloved of every body, and even by his relations, who, at firſt deſpiſed her; and now had the bleſſings both of rich and poor, and the love of her huſband.

"The gentleman who told me this, added, that he had the curioſity to ſtay in the neighbourhood from Friday to Sunday, that he might ſee this happy couple at church, from which they never abſented themſelves: that, in ſhort, he did ſee them; that her deportment was all ſweetneſs, eaſe, and dignity mingled: that he never ſaw a lovelier woman: that her huſband was as fine a man, and ſeemed even proud of his choice: and that ſhe attracted the reſpects of the perſons of rank preſent, and had the bleſſings of the poor.—The relater of the ſtory told me all this with tranſport.

"This, Sir, was the foundation of Pamela's ſtory; but little did I think to make a ſtory of it for the preſs. That was owing to this occaſion.

"Mr. Rivington and Mr. Oſborne, whoſe names are on the title-page, had long been urging me to give them a little book (which, they ſaid, they were often aſked after) of familiar letters on the uſeful concerns of common life; and, at laſt, I yielded to their importunity, and began to recollect ſuch ſubjects as I thought would be uſeful in ſuch a deſign, and formed ſeveral letters accordingly. And, among the reſt, I thought of giving one or two as cautions to young folks circumſtanced as Pamela was. Little did I think, at firſt, of making one, much leſs two volumes of it. But, when I began to recollect what had, ſo many years before, been told me by my friend, I thought the ſtory, if written in an eaſy and natural manner, ſuitably to the ſimplicity of it, might poſſibly introduce a new ſpecies of writing, that might poſſibly turn young people into a courſe of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing, and diſmiſſing the improbable and marvellous, with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cauſe of religion and virtue. I therefore gave way to enlargement, and ſo Pamela became as you ſee her. But ſo little did I hope for the approbation of judges, that I had not the courage to ſend the two volumes to your ladies, until I found the books well received by the public.

"While I was writing the two volumes, my worthy-hearted wife, and the young lady who is with us, when I had read them ſome part of the ſtory, which I had begun without their knowing it, uſed to come into my little cloſet every night, with—'Have you any more of Pamela, Mr. R.? We are come to hear a little more of Pamela,' &c. This encouraged me to proſecute it, which I did ſo diligently through all my other buſineſs, that by a memorandum on my copy, I began it Nov. 10, 1739, and finiſhed it Jan. 10, 1739-40. And I have often, cenſurable as I might be thought for my vanity for it, and leſſening to the taſte of my two female friends, had the ſtory of Moliere's Old Woman in my thoughts upon the occaſion.

"If juſtly ſow were my thoughts of this little hiſtory, you will wonder how it came by ſuch an aſſuming and very impudent preface. It was thus:—The approbation of theſe two female friends, and of two more, who were ſo kind as to give me prefaces for it, but which were much too long and circumſtantial, as I thought, made me reſolve myſelf on writing a preface; I therefore, ſpirited by the good opinion of theſe four, and knowing that the judgments of nine parts in ten of readers were but in hanging ſleeves, ſtruck a bold ſtroke in the preface you ſee, having the umbrage of the editor's character * to ſcreen myſelf behind.—And thus, Sir, all is out."

Now for *Clariſſa*, at ſome length, his next famous novel.

"But Pamela, captivating as was the publication, ſhewed only the dawn of our author's genius; and, if he ſunk in the ſecond part of it, it was only to riſe with new luſtre in Clariſſa, the firſt two volumes of which were publiſhed eight years after the preceding.

"The production upon which the fame of Richardſon is principally

* Under the character of Editor, he gave great commendations to the letters, for which he was blamed by ſome of his friends.

founded, that which will tranſmit his name to poſterity, as one of the firſt geniuſſes of the age in which he lived, is undoubtedly his Clariſſa. Nothing can be more ſimple than the ſtory,—A young lady, preſſed by her parents to marry a man every way diſagreeable to her, and placed under the moſt cruel reſtraint, leaves her father's houſe and throws herſelf upon the protection of her lover, a man of ſenſe and ſpirit, but a libertine. When he finds her in his power he artfully declines marriage, and conveys her to a houſe kept for the worſt of purpoſes. There, after many fruitleſs attempts to enſnare her virtue, he at length violates her perſon. She eſcapes from further outrage: he finds her out in her retreat; offers her marriage, which ſhe rejects. Her friends are obdurate. She retires to ſolitary lodgings; grief and ſhame overwhelm her, and ſhe dies broken hearted: her friends lament their ſeverity when too late. Her violator is tranſiently ſtung with remorſe, but not reformed; he leaves the kingdom in order to diſſipate his chagrin, and is killed in a duel by a relation of the lady's.

"On this ſlight foundation, and on a ſtory not very agreeable or promiſing in its rude outline, has our author founded a moſt pathetic tale, and raiſed a noble temple to female virtue. The firſt volumes are ſomewhat tedious, from the prolixity incident to letter-writing, and require a perſevering reader to get through them: but the circumſtantial manner of writing which Richardſon practiſed, has the advantage of making the reader thoroughly acquainted with thoſe in whoſe fate he is to be intereſted. In conſequence of this, our feelings are not tranſient, elicited here and there by a pathetic ſtroke; but we regard his characters as real perſonages, whom we know and converſe with, and whoſe fate remains to be decided in the courſe of events. The characters, much more numerous than in Pamela, are all diſtinctly drawn and well preſerved, and there is a proper contraſt and variety in the caſting of the parts. The plot, as we have ſeen, is ſimple, and no under-plots interfere with the main deſign. No digreſſions, no episodes. It is wonderful that without theſe helps of common writers, he could ſupport a work of ſuch length. With Clariſſa it begins—with Clariſſa it ends. We do not come upon unexpected adventures and wonderful recognitions, by quick turns and ſurpriſes: we ſee her fate from afar, as it were through a long avenue, the gradual approach to which, without ever loſing ſight of the object, has more of ſimplicity and grandeur than the moſt cunning labyrinth that can be contrived by art. In the approach to the modern country ſeat, we are made to catch tranſiently a ſide-view of it through an opening of the trees, or to burſt upon it from a ſudden turning in the road; but the old manſion ſtood full in the eye of the traveller, as he drew near it, contemplating its turrets, which grew larger and more diſtinct every ſtep that he advanced; and leiſurely filling his eye and his imagination with ſtill increaſing ideas of its magnificence. As the work advances, the character riſes; the diſtreſs is deepened; our hearts are torn with pity and indignation; burſts of grief ſucceed one another, till at length the mind is compoſed and harmonized with emotions of milder ſorrow; we are calmed into reſignation, elevated with pious hope, and diſmiſſed glowing with the conſcious triumphs of virtue.

"The firſt group which preſents itſelf is that of the Harlowe family. They are ſufficiently diſcriminated, yet preſerve a family likeneſs. The ſtern father, the paſſionate and dark-ſouled brother, the envious and ill-natured ſiſter, the money-loving uncles, the gentle, but weak-ſpirited mother, are all aſſimilated by that ſtiffneſs, love of parade, and ſolemnity which is thrown over the whole, and by the intereſted family views in which they all concur. Miſs Howe is a young lady of great generoſity and ardent feelings, with a high ſpirit and ſome love of teazing, which ſhe exerciſes on her mother, a managing and notable widow lady, and on her humble ſervant Mr. Hickman, a man deſerving of her eſteem, but prim and formal in his manner. Miſs Howe is a character of ſtrong lights and ſhades; but her warmeſt affections are all along directed to her friend, and the correſpondence between them is made the

great vehicle of Clariſſa's narrative of events, as that between Lovelace and his friend Bedford is of his ſchemes and deſigns. The character of Clariſſa herſelf is very highly wrought: ſhe has all the grace and dignity, and delicacy of a finiſhed model of female excellence. Her duty to her parents is implicit, except in the article of ſacrificing herſelf to a man utterly diſguſtful to her; and ſhe bears, with the greateſt meekneſs, the ill uſage ſhe receives from the other branches of the family. Duty, indeed, is the great principle of her conduct. Her affections are always compleatly under command; and her going off with Lovelace appears a ſtep ſhe was betrayed, not perſuaded into. His perſuaſions ſhe had withſtood, and it was fear, not love, that at laſt precipitated her into his protection. If, therefore, the author meant to repreſent her ſubſequent misfortunes as a puniſhment, he has ſcarcely made her faulty enough. That a young lady has eloped from her father's houſe with a libertine, ſounds, indeed, like a grave offence; but the fault, when it is examined into, is ſoftened, and ſhaded off by ſuch a variety of circumſtances, that it becomes almoſt evaneſcent. Who that reads the treatment ſhe experienced, does not wonder at her long ſuffering. After Clariſſa finds herſelf, againſt her will and intention, in the power of her lover, the ſtory becomes for a while a game at cheſs, in which both parties exert great ſkill and preſence of mind, and quick obſervation of each others motions. Not a moment of weakneſs does Clariſſa betray, and ſhe only loſes the game becauſe ſhe plays fairly and with integrity, while he is guilty of the baſeſt frauds.

"During this part of the ſtory, the generality of readers are perhaps inclined to wiſh, that Lovelace ſhould give up his wicked intentions, reform, and make Clariſſa happy in the marriage ſtate. This was the concluſion which Lady Bradſhaw ſo vehemently and paſſionately urged the author to adopt. But when the unfeeling character of Lovelace proceeds to deeper and darker wickedneſs, when his unrelenting cruelty meditates, and actually perpetrates the laſt unmanly outrage upon unprotected innocence and virtue; the heart ſurely cannot have right feelings that does not cordially deteſt ſo black a villain, notwithſtanding the agreeable qualities which are thrown into his character, and that woman muſt have little delicacy who does not feel that his crime has raiſed an eternal wall of ſeparation between him and the victim of his treachery, whatever affection ſhe might have previouſly entertained for him. Yet it is ſaid by ſome, that the author has made Lovelace too agreeable, and his character has been much the object of criticiſm. But a little reflection will ſhew us, that the author had a more difficult part to manage in drawing his character than that of any other in the work, and that he could not well have made him different from what he is. If he had drawn a mean-ſpirited dark villain, without any ſpecious qualities, his Clariſſa would have been degraded. Lovelace, as he is to win the affections of the heroine, is neceſſarily, in ſome ſort, the hero of the piece, and no one in it muſt be permitted to outſhine him. The author, therefore, gives him wit and ſpirit, and courage and generoſity, and manly genteel addreſs, and alſo tranſient gleams of feeling, and tranſient ſtings of remorſe; ſo that we are often led to hope he may follow his better angel, and give up his atrocious deſigns. This the author has done, and leſs he could not do, for the man whom Clariſſa was inclined to favour. Beſides, if it was part of his intention to warn young women againſt placing their affections upon libertines, it was certainly only againſt the agreeable ones of that claſs, that he had any occaſion to warn them. He tells us in one of his letters, that finding he had made him too much a favourite, he had thrown in ſome darker ſhades to obviate the objection; and ſurely the ſhades are dark enough. In one particular, however, the author might perhaps have improved the moral effect of the work; he might have given more of horror to the laſt ſcene of Lovelace's life. When Clariſſa and he were finally ſeparated, there was no occaſion to keep meaſures with him; and why ſhould Belton die a death of ſo much horror, and Lovelace of calm compoſure and ſelf-poſſeſſion. Lovelace dies in a duel, admirably well deſcribed, in which he behaves with the cool intrepidity of a gentleman and a man of ſpirit. Col-

onel Morden could not behave better. Some tender ſtrokes are thrown in on his parting with Belford, and on other occaſions, tending to intereſt the reader in his favour; and his laſt words, 'Let this expiate,' are manifeſtly intended to do away our reſentment, and leave a favourable impreſſion on our minds with regard to his future proſpects. Something, indeed, is mentioned of impatience, and a deſire of life; but Richardſon *could* have drawn a ſcene which would have made us turn with horror from the features of the gay, the agreeable ſeducer, when changed into the agonizing countenance of the deſpairing ſelf-accuſer.

"But, if the author might have improved, in this reſpect, the character of Lovelace, that of Clariſſa comes up to all the ideas we can form of female lovelineſs and dignified ſuffering. The firſt ſcenes with her hard-hearted family, ſhew the ſevere ſtruggles ſhe had with herſelf, before ſhe could withdraw her obedience from her parents. The meaſure of that obedience, in Richardſon's mind, was very high; and therefore Clariſſa ſeems all along, rather to lament the cruelty than to reſent the injuſtice of impoſing a huſband upon her without her own conſent. It is eaſy to ſee ſhe would have thought it her duty to comply, if he had not been quite ſo diſagreeable. The mother is a very mean character; ſhe gives a tacit permiſſion to Clariſſa, to correſpond with Lovelace, to prevent miſchief, and yet conſents to be the tool of the family in perſecuting her innocent and generous daughter; but this was her duty to her huſband! Yet, diſtreſſing as Clariſſa's ſituation is in her father's houſe, the author has had the addreſs to make the reader feel, the moment ſhe has got out of it, that he would give the world to have her ſafe back again. Nothing takes place of that pleaſure and endearment which might naturally be expected on the meeting of two lovers; we feel that ſhe has been hunted into the toils, and that every avenue is cloſed againſt her eſcape. No young perſon, on reading Clariſſa, even at this period of the ſtory, can think of putting herſelf into the power of a lover, without annexing to it the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of degradation and anxiety. A great deal of contrivance is expended by the author, in the various plots ſet on foot by Lovelace, to keep his victim tolerably eaſy in her ambiguous ſituation; and, though ſome of theſe are tedious, it was neceſſary for Clariſſa's honour to make the reader ſenſible that ſhe had an inextricable net wound around her, and that it was not owing to her want of prudence or vigilance, that ſhe did not eſcape. In the mean time the wit of Lovelace, and the ſprightlineſs of Miſs Howe, prevent monotony. In one inſtance, however, Clariſſa certainly ſins againſt the delicacy of her character, that is, in allowing herſelf to be made a ſhow of to the looſe companions of Lovelace: —But, how does her character riſe, when we come to the more diſtreſsful ſcenes; the view of her horror, when deluded by the pretended relations, ſhe re-enters the fatal houſe, her temporary inſanity after the outrage, in which ſhe ſo affectingly holds up to Lovelace the licence he had procured, and her dignified behaviour when ſhe firſt ſees her raviſher, after the perpetration of his crime. What finer ſubject could be preſented to the painter, than that in which Clariſſa graſps the pen-knife in her hand, her eyes lifted up to heaven, the whites of them only viſible, ready to plunge it in her breaſt, to preſerve herſelf from further outrage: Lovelace, aghaſt with terror and ſpeechleſs, thrown back to the further end of the room? Or, the priſon ſcene, where is repreſented kneeling amidſt the gloom and horror of the diſmal abode; illuminating, as it were, the dark chamber, her face reclined on her croſſed arms, her white garments floating round her in the negligence of woe; Belford contemplating her with reſpectful commiſeration; or, the ſcene of calmer, but heart-piercing ſorrow, in the interview Colonel Morden has with her in her dying moments: ſhe is repreſented fallen into a ſlumber, in her elbow-chair, leaning on the widow Lovick, whoſe left arm is around her neck; one faded cheek reſting on the good woman's boſom, the kindred warmth of which had overſpread it with a faintiſh flush, the other pale and hollow, as if already iced over by death; her hands, the blueneſs of the veins contraſting their whiteneſs, hanging lifeleſsly before

ſer, the widow's tears dropping unfelt upon her face—Colonel Morden, with his arms folded, gazing on her in ſilence, her coffin juſt appearing behind a ſcreen. What admiration, what reverence does the author inſpire us with for the innocent ſufferer; the ſufferings too of ſuch a peculiar nature.

"There is ſomething in virgin purity, to which the imagination willingly pays homage. In all ages, ſomething ſaintly has been attached to the idea of unblemiſhed chaſtity. Hence the dignity of the lady in Comus; hence the intereſt we take in thoſe whoſe holy vows have ſhrowded them from even the wanton glances of an aſſailer; hence the ſuppoſed virtue of prayers

From faſting maids whoſe minds are dedicate,
——————— To nothing earthly.

"Beauty is a flower which was meant in due time to be gathered, but it attracts the fondeſt admiration whilſt ſtill on the ſtalk, before it has felt the touch of any rude hand.

Sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum cara ſuis eſt.

"It was reſerved for Richardſon to overcome all circumſtances of diſhonour and diſgrace, and to throw a ſplendour round the *violated virgin*, more radiant than ſhe poſſeſſed in her firſt bloom. He has made the flower, which grew

—Sweet to ſenſe and lovely to the eye,

throw out a richer fragrance *after* 'the cruel ſpoiler has *cropped the fair roſe and rifled its ſweetneſs*.' He has drawn the triumph of mental chaſtity; he has drawn it uncontaminated, untarniſhed, and incapable of mingling with pollution. The ſcenes which follow the death of the heroine, exhibit grief in an affecting variety of forms, as it is modified by the characters of different ſurvivors. They run into conſiderable length, but we have been ſo deeply intereſted, that we feel it a relief to have our grief drawn off, as it were, by a variety of ſluices, and we are glad not to be diſmiſſed till we have ſhed tears, even to ſatiety. We enjoy, beſides, the puniſhment of the Harlowes, in the contemplation of their merited anguiſh. Sentiments of piety pervade the whole work; but the death-bed of Clariſſa, her Chriſtian forgiveneſs, and her meek reſignation, are particularly edifying. Richardſon loved to draw death-beds; He ſeems to have imbibed, from his friend Dr. Young, an opinion of their being a touch-ſtone of merit or demerit. There are three deſcribed in this work, beſides that of Lovelace; that, it has already been mentioned, would have had a more moral effect, if it had been fuller of horror. Lovelace is made to declare, that he cannot be totally unhappy, whatever be his own lot in a future ſtate, if he is allowed to contemplate the happineſs of Clariſſa; He exclaims,

Can I be at worſt? avert that worſt,
O thou Supreme, who only canſt avert it!
So much a wretch, ſo very far abandoned,
But that I muſt, even in the horrid'ſt gloom,
Reap intervenient joy; at leaſt, ſome reſpite
From pain and anguiſh in her bliſs.

"This is a ſentiment much too generous for a Lovelace. The author has ſhewn himſelf embarraſſed with regard to the duel, by his principles, which forbade duelling. Yet, it was neceſſary to diſpatch Lovelace; for what family could ſit down with ſuch an injury unpuniſhed? or which of his readers could be ſatisfied to ſee the perpetrator of ſo much miſchief eſcape vengeance. Colonel Morden was a man of the world, acted upon the maxims of it, and, therefore, it ſeemed hardly neceſſary to make him expreſs regret at having precipitated Lovelace into a future ſtate; Richardſon was not then drawing his perfect character, and did not ſeem called upon to blame a duel, which, in our hearts we cannot, from Colonel Morden, but approve of."

We muſt now proceed to his *Sir Charles Grandiſon*, which crowns the whole.

"Our author was now at the zenith of his fame, but his fancy was not exhauſted, nor his powers of writing diminiſhed; and, after an interval of

between four and five years, he again appeared before the public.

"After Mr. Richardſon had publiſhed two works, in each of which the principal character is a female, he determined to give the world an example of *a perfect man*. His laudable deſign was to unite every thing that is graceful and engaging in the man of ſpirit and the fine gentleman, with every moral virtue, and with the obſervance of the ſtrict rules of Chriſtianity—an arduous undertaking!

"He was partly ſtimulated to this deſign by the attacks of his female diſciples, who, in anſwer to the reproaches he made them of liking Lovelace too well, obſerved to him, that he had given them nobody elſe to like:—the virtuous Hickman was too tame and too formal to do juſtice to his good principles; and, in ſhort, that he had not preſented them with one male character, on which the imagination might reſt with complacence. If he did not wiſh they ſhould regard men of pleaſure with too favourable an eye, it was his duty to provide ſome one whom they might like upon principle. Upon this idea he determined to give them *A Good Man*, the title by which he always ſpeaks of the work while he is writing it, though he afterwards changed it to that of *Sir Charles Grandiſon*.

"Sir Charles is a man of birth and fortune, endowed with every perſonal advantage, and maſter of every faſhionable accompliſhment. He is placed in a variety of ſituations, calculated to draw forth the virtues and energies of his character, as a ſon, a brother, a guardian, a friend, and a lover; and his conduct is every where exemplary. He is a man of addreſs, of knowledge of the world, and makes himſelf to be reſpected in different countries, and by all ſorts of people, bad as well as good. He is generous without profuſion; religious without ſuperſtition; complaiſant without weakneſs, firm in his purpoſes, rapid in the execution of them; jealous of his honour, yet always open to a generous reconciliation, feeling (at leaſt as the author would have us believe) the paſſions of human nature, yet always poſſeſſing a perfect command over them.

"The conduct of this piece differs from that of Pamela and Clariſſa in this reſpect; that it does not depend upon one great event, but is intended to open and diſplay this character in a variety of lights. The unity of the work, therefore, conſiſts in the reference which every perſon, and every incident, bears to him who is the hero of it. Of him the author never loſes ſight after his firſt appearance, which he makes as ſoon as the reader has been prepared by the play of ſome inferior characters, (who, to uſe a military phraſe, *keep the ground* for him) in a brilliant action, the reſcuing the lady, he is finally to marry, from the hands of a lawleſs raviſher.

"It was neceſſary for the execution of the plan, and it is ſo contrived, in fact, that this work ſhould be diverſified with a greater variety of characters than his former ones. It has, particularly, many more of the pleaſing caſt. The author ſhews in it, that he had improved in the knowledge of life and the genteel world; and there are none of thoſe warm deſcriptions in it which were juſtly blamed in its two elder ſiſters. He has an *enlèvement*, a incident he ſeems to have been fond of, ſince it occurs in all the three works; but the object is only marriage, and it is managed with perfect decorum, at the ſame time that it preſents a truly affecting ſcene. The early part of the novel preſents a rich diſplay of incidents and perſonages. The hiſtory of Sir Thomas and Lady Grandiſon is admirably executed, and highly moral. The behaviour of Sir Charles to his father's miſtreſs, to his ſiſters, to his uncle Lord W., to the Danbys, is all excellent, and opens his character to the greateſt advantage. But the chief intrigue of the piece ariſes from the double love of Sir Charles to Miſs Byron and Clementina. A double love, ſay the critics in that paſſion, is no love at all; and they will inſiſt upon it, that Sir Charles is all along actuated by compaſſion ſolely for both the ladies.

"The character of Miſs Byron is meant by the author as a model of true female excellence; but it is judiciouſly kept down, not only with relation to Sir Charles, but to the high-wrought portrait of the Italian

lady. Miſs Byron is gentle, timid, and ſomewhat paſſive; her character has no very prominent feature, except her love for Sir Charles. As ſhe was deſtined to reward the hero, the author has ſhewn great addreſs in previouſly intereſting his readers in her favour, before we become acquainted with Clementina; ſo that, notwithſtanding our admiration for the latter, and the ſtrong feeling ſhe has called out, we all along conſider the Italian family as intruders, and are glad, upon the whole, when Sir Charles is diſengaged from them. We adore Clementina, but we come *home* to Miſs Byron.

"Richarſon had been accuſed of giving a coldneſs to his female characters in the article of love. The accuſation was ill-founded; for the circumſtances of the ſtory in his two former pieces forbade the diſplay of a very tender ſenſibility; but he has made ample amends for the imputed omiſſion in his Grandiſon, where he has entered into the paſſion with all the minuteneſs and delicacy, and warmth, that could be deſired, and ſhewn the female heart to be open to him in all its folds and receſſes. In his Olivia, his Harriet, his Emily, his Clementina, he has well exemplified the ſentiment of the poet—

Love, various minds does variouſly inſpire;
In gentle boſoms kindles gentle fire,
Like that of incenſe on the altar laid;
But raging flames tempeſtuous ſouls invade,
A fire which every windy paſſion blows,
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.

"But as the character of Sir Charles is the moſt inſtructive, that of Clementina is the higheſt effort of genius in this piece. In her, he has drawn a young creature involved in a paſſion expreſſed with the utmoſt innocence and delicacy, yet ſo ſtrong as to overturn her reaſon; and afterwards, on the recovery of her reaſon, after a ſevere ſtruggle, voluntarily ſacrificing that very paſſion at the ſhrine of religious principle. Clementina is indeed a heroine, and her conduct is truly noble, becauſe with her articles of faith, the obſtacle was, in reality, inſurmountable to a well principled mind. Her faith might be erroneous; but her conduct, grounded on that faith, was juſt and rational. This ſentiment is inſiſted on, becauſe ſome good proteſtants have called Clementina a poor narrow-minded bigot. A bigot ſhe certainly was; but it had been ſtrange if ſhe had not believed the religion in which ſhe had been carefully educated, and ſhe only acted conſiſtently with that belief. It were ſuperfluous to any one who has peruſed this work, to remark the maſterly manner in which the madneſs of Clementina is painted. Dr. Warton ſpeaks thus of it:

"'I know not whether even the madneſs of Lear is wrought up and expreſſed by ſo many little ſtrokes of nature and paſſion. It is abſolute pedantry to prefer and compare the madneſs of Oreſtes, in Euripides, to this of Clementina.' There is ſuch a tenderneſs and innocence in her wanderings, ſuch affecting ſtarts of paſſion, ſuch a ſignificant woe in her looks and attitudes, ſuch a ſanctity of mind, with ſo much paſſion, that he who is not moved with it, muſt reſign the pretenſion of being acceſſible to fictitious ſorrow.

"It is the fault of Richardſon that he never knew when to have done with a character: that of Clementina would have been diſmiſſed with dignity after her refuſal of Sir Charles; inſtead of which, he reſumes her ſtory in the laſt volumes, brings her to England, a ſtep little conſiſtent with the delicacy of her character, nor neceſſary to any event; and, finally, leaves the reader to conclude that ſhe will be brought to accept the hand of the Count de Belvedere. How eaſily and naturally might he have diſpoſed of her in a convent, there to complete the ſacrifice ſhe had made of her love to her religion. He probably would have done ſo, if a deſire of making his piece inſtructive had not, in this inſtance, warped his judgment, and reſtrained his genius. He was in the habit of inveighing to his young friends againſt romantic ideas of love, and particularly the notion that a firſt paſſion could not be conquered, and he feared it would have a bad ef-

fect if he repreſented the contrary in his works*.

"But though, in real life, a paſſion, however ſtrong, will generally give way to time, at leaſt ſo far as to permit the diſappointed party to fill her proper ſtation in ſocial life, and fulfil the relative duties of it with calm complacence, if not with delight, we cannot eaſily figure to ourſelves that Clementina, with ſuch a high-toned mind, and a paſſion ſo exalted, a paſſion that had ſhaken the very ſeat of reaſon in her ſoul, could, or with ſo ſhattered an intellect ought, to turn her thoughts to a ſecond lover. Novels will always be different from real life, and therefore, always perhaps, in ſome degree, dangerous to the young mind; but they muſt be conſiſtent with themſelves; and if the author choſe to deſcribe a paſſion which unhinged the reaſon of one lady, and was ſinking the other to the grave, a cataſtrophe which we are led to ſuppoſe would have been the effect of Miſs Byron's final diſappointment, he ſhould not then have been ſcrupulous of allowing it to have its full effect.

"Great debates took place in the author's female ſenate concerning the point we have been diſcuſſing. Some voted for killing Clementina, and very few were ſatisfied with the termination, as it ſtands; which, however, is only diſtantly implied, as, at the concluſion of Le Cid, of Corneille, we are led to ſuppoſe that Chimene will, in due time, give her hand to Don Rodrigue.

"The correſpondence, in theſe volumes, is carried on, for the moſt part, between Miſs Byron and her friends and Lady G. Sir Charles's ſiſter, on the one ſide, and Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett, (a reſpectable clergyman) on the other. Lady G.'s character is ſprightly and petulant, and her letters have a good deal of wit, though ſometimes it degenerates into flippancy. She reſembles Miſs Howe, but with leſs of fire and ardour, and more of levity. She behaves to her huſband ſtill more provokingly than that lady to Mr. Hickman. Notwithſtanding, however, the general reſemblance juſt ſuggeſted, and a few others that might be pointed out, there is no man, perhaps, who has written ſo much, and who has leſs repeated himſelf, than Richardſon. If we may judge by the variety of characters in this, his laſt publication, the fertility of his fancy was by no means exhauſted. Of all the under characters, none is more delightful than Emily Jervois, the young ward of Sir Charles, in the beautiful and touching ſimplicity with which he has inveſted her. Her unconſcious love for her guardian, ariſing ſo naturally, as ſhe advances towards womanhood, from her grateful affection and unbounded eſteem for him, her ingenuous ſhame at the bad conduct of her diſſolute mother, and her generoſity to that mother on the firſt ſymptoms of reformation, together with the *naiveté* which is ſo happily hit off both in her ideas and her language, render her uncommonly intereſting. Mrs. Shirley is a graceful portrait of mild and venerable age. Lady Beauchamp's character gives Sir Charles an opportunity to ſhew the addreſs and dexterous management of a man of the world; Olivia, his virtuous forbearance; the proud Porretta family, his manly ſpirit, tempered with preſence of mind and a guarded prudence; the behaviour of Mr. Lowther, and the French ſurgeons, ſhew a knowledge of profeſſional character; and various parts of the work atteſt the author's improvement in general information, and more enlarged views of life.

"There is not, in any of Richardſon's works, one of thoſe detached epiſodes, thrown in like make-weights, to increaſe the bulk of the volume, which are ſo common in other works: ſuch is the ſtory of *The Man of the Hill*, in Tom Jones. If his works are laboured into length, at leaſt his prolixity is all beſtowed upon the ſubject, and increaſes the effect of the ſtory. Flaſhes of humour, and tranſient touches of ſenſibility, ſhew, indeed, genius; but patient and perſevering labour alone can finiſh a plan, and make every part bear properly upon the main ſubject.

"Sir Charles Grandiſon, however,

* "I want to have young people think there is no ſuch mighty buſineſs as they are apt to ſuppoſe, in conquering a firſt love.—*Letter to Miſs Mulſo.*

lies open, as what work does not? to criticiſm. Beſides the double love, which has been mentioned, there was another point which perplexed the author much: Sir Charles, as a Chriſtian, was not to fight a duel, yet he was to be recognized as the finiſhed gentleman, and could not be allowed to want that moſt eſſential part of the character, the deportment of a man of honour, courage, and ſpirit. And, in order to exhibit his ſpirit and courage, it was neceſſary to bring them into action by adventures and rencounters. His firſt appearance is in the reſcue of Miſs Byron, a meritorious action, but one which muſt neceſſarily expoſe him to a challenge. How muſt the author untie this knot? He makes him ſo very good a ſwordſman, that he is always capable of diſarming his adverſary without endangering either of their lives. But are a man's principles to depend on the ſcience of his fencing-maſter? Every one cannot have the ſkill of Sir Charles; every one cannot be the *beſt* ſwordſman; and the man whoſe ſtudy it is to avoid fighting, is not quite ſo likely as another to be the beſt. Dr. Young, indeed, complimented the author upon his ſucceſs in this nice point, in a flouriſhing epigram, which is thus expreſſed:

"What haſt thou done? I'm raviſhed at the ſcene;
A ſword undrawn, makes mighty Cæſars mean.

But, in fact, it was not undrawn. In the affair with Sir Hargrave, he may be ſaid really to have fought a duel; for, though he refuſes the challenge in words, he virtually accepts it, by going into the garden with him, knowing his purpoſe. In like manner he with Greville retires to a private ſpot, and there, on his adverſary's drawing, which he might be ſure he would do, draws, diſarms, and gives him his life. But Greville might not have given him his, nor could every one turn a duel into ſuch harmleſs play. Can, then, a better expedient be ſuggeſted? If not, muſt we not fairly confeſs that, in certain caſes, the code of the goſpel and the code of worldly honour are irreconcileable, and that a man has only to make his choice which he will give up.

"Another fault is, a certain ſtiffneſs which, it can hardly be denied, is ſpread over this admirable character. This reſults partly from the author's ſtile, which, where it aims to be elegant, wants eaſe; partly from the manner in which the hero is *proné*, as the French ſay, by all the other characters, and from the abundance of compliments which are paid on all ſides; for certainly Sir Charles is *de la vieille cour*. In part, too, it ariſes from the very circumſtance of his being ſo perfect and ſo ſucceſsful. Perfection of character, joined to diſtreſs, will intereſt; but proſperous perfection does not greatly engage our ſympathy. We are apt to conceive of Sir Charles as having, in reality, no paſſions; and we do not greatly pity him for the loſs of Clementina, when a moſt amiable lady, who had the other half of his heart, was waiting his acceptance on the other ſide of the water. We are not quite ſatisfied with the dutiful reſignation with which he gives up correſponding with two amiable and beloved ſiſters, in compliance with the injunctions of a tyrannical father. We are the leſs ſurpriſed, however, as we recognize in it the high notions entertained by the author of parental authority; but we can give no anſwer to the queſtion, How came ſo dutiful a ſon to enter into a treaty of marriage without conſulting his father? except, what perhaps is ſufficient, that it would have embarraſſed the ſtory.

"There is one important particular in which this highly-wrought character does not preſent an example for imitation, and that is his going ſo far into a matrimonial treaty with a bigotted Catholic; with a woman, whoſe very love for him muſt expoſe him to continual diſtreſſing importunities to change his religion. Italian ſervants, an Italian confeſſor, a ſtipulated reſidence half the year out of his native country, and, above all, the giving up half his children (it might happen to be all) to the errors of a faith which he believed to be erroneous—theſe are among the ſacrifices which a conſcientious man will ſcruple, and a wiſe man will refuſe to make. Horrible muſt be a union, where the moſt tender affection can

only ſerve to lacerate the heart, as muſt be the caſe, when the object of it is ſuppoſed to be under the wrath of God, and doomed to everlaſting perdition. This muſt be the conſequence of marrying a bigot to any mode of faith, where the other party is of a different one. Add to this that the very propoſal, made ſo often by the proud Porretta family to Sir Charles, to change his religion for a wife, and bind himſelf to live half the year out of his native country, was a high inſult to him, conſidered only as an Engliſh gentleman. The author, however, valued himſelf upon his management of this nice negociation; and, in a letter to one of his French tranſlators, dexterouſly brings it forward, as a proof of his candour and liberality towards the catholic religion *.

"The author of Sir Charles often mentions in his letters, that he was importuned by many of his friends, to give them another volume, and the Gottenburg tranſlators ſent for the reſt of the work, ſuppoſing it incomplete: he ought to have received it as a proof that it was too long, and not too ſhort. He had already continued it a whole volume beyond the proper termination, the marriage of his hero, and having done ſo, he might, without more impropriety, have gone on to the next point of view, and the next, till he had given the hiſtory of two or three generations. Clariſſa, perhaps, runs out into too great a length, but bold were the hand that ſhould attempt to ſhorten it. Sir Charles, on the contrary, would be improved by merely ſtriking out the laſt volume, and, indeed, a good part of the ſixth, where deſcriptions of dreſs, and parade, and furniture, after the intereſt is completely over, like the gaudy colouring of a weſtern ſky, gives ſymptoms of a ſetting ſun. But it is ungrateful to dwell on the faults of genius."

Richardſon alſo gave to the world, a volume of *Familiar Letters*—the 95th No. in the *Rambler*, and an edition of *Æſop's Fables*, with Reflections.

His *cloſe of Life* and his *Death* is thus mentioned.

"His reputation was at the higheſt, the ſale of his works ſure, and he reaſonably expected to reap the profit of it. Notwithſtanding, however, thoſe diſappointments which people in buſineſs are liable to meet with, Mr. Richardſon's aſſiduity and ſucceſs was gradually increaſing his fortune. In the year 1755 he was engaged in building, both in town and in the country. In the country he removed from North End to Parſons Green, where he fitted up a houſe. In town, he took a range of old houſes, eight in number, which he pulled down, and built an extenſive and commodious range of warehouſes and printing-offices. It was ſtill in Saliſbury-court, in the north-weſt corner, and it is at preſent concealed by other houſes from common obſervation. The dwelling-houſe, it ſeems, was neither ſo large nor ſo airy as the one he quitted; and, therefore, the reader will not be ſo ready, probably, as Mr. Richardſon ſeems to have been, in accuſing his wife of perverſeneſs, in not liking the new habitation ſo well as the old. 'Every body (he ſays) is more pleaſed with what I have done, than my wife.' Two years after, he married his daughter Mary (the only one married in his lifetime) to Mr. Ditcher, a reſpectable ſurgeon at Bath. He now allowed himſelf ſome relaxation from buſineſs; and only attended from time to time, his printing-offices in London. He often regretted, that he had only females to whom to tranſfer his buſineſs; however, he had taken in to aſſiſt him a nephew, who relieved him from the more burdenſome cares of it, and who eventually ſucceeded him. He now had leiſure, had he had health, to enjoy his reputation, his proſperous circumſtances, his children, and his friends; but, alas! leiſure purchaſed by ſevere application, often comes too late to be enjoyed; and, in a worldly, as well as in a religious ſenſe,

* "It is ſaid, that an Italian tranſlation of the Bible appeared ſome years ſince at Naples, in the preface to which the tranſlator warned his readers againſt Engliſh publications; but excepted one, the Clariſſa of Richardſon.

——————'When we find
The key of life, it opens to the grave.'

"His nervous diſorders increaſed upon him, and his valuable life was at length terminated by a ſtroke of an apoplexy, on the 4th of July, 1761, at the age of ſeventy-two. He was buried, by his own direction, near his firſt wife, in the middle aiſle, near the pulpit of St. Bride's church."

His *manner* of life is thus depicted.

"The author of Clariſſa was always fond of female ſociety. He lived in a kind of flower-garden of ladies: they were his inſpirers, his critics, his applauders. Connections of buſineſs apart, they were his chief correſpondents. He had generally a number of young ladies at his houſe, whom he uſed to engage in converſation on ſome ſubject of ſentiment, and provoke, by artful oppoſition, to diſplay the treaſures of intellect they poſſeſſed. Miſs Mulſo, afterwards Mrs. Chapone; Miſs Highmore, now Mrs. Duncombe; Miſs Talbot, niece to Secker, and author of ſome much eſteemed devotial pieces; Miſs Preſcott, afterwards Mrs. Mulſo; Miſs Fieldings; and Miſs Colliers, reſided occaſionally with him. He was accuſtomed to give the young ladies he eſteemed the endearing appellation of his daughters. He uſed to write in a little ſummer-houſe, or grotto*, as it was called, within his garden, before the family were up; and, when they met at breakfaſt, he communicated the progreſs of his ſtory, which, by that means, had every day a freſh and lively intereſt. Then began the criticiſms, the pleadings, for Harriet Byron or Clementina; every turn and every incident was eagerly canvaſſed, and the author enjoyed the benefit of knowing before-hand how his ſituations would ſtrike. Their own little partialities and entanglements, too, were developed and became the ſubject of grave advice, or lively raillery. Mrs. Duncombe thus mentions the agreeable ſcene, in a letter to Mrs. Mulſo.

"'I ſhall often, in idea, enjoy again the hours that we have ſo agreeably ſpent in the delightful retirement of North End:

'For while this pleaſing ſubject I purſue,
The grot, the garden, ruſh upon my view;
There in bleſt union, round the friendly gate,
Inſtruction, Peace, and chearful Freedom wait;
And there, a choir of liſt'ning nymphs appears
Oppreſs'd with wonder, or diſſolv'd in tears;
But on her tender fears when Harriet dwells,
And love's ſoft ſymptoms innocently tells,
They all with conſcious ſmiles, thoſe ſymptoms view,
And by thoſe conſcious ſmiles confeſs them true.'

"Mr. Richardſon was a friend to mental improvement in women, though under all thoſe reſtrictions which modeſty and decorum have impoſed upon the ſex. Indeed, his ſentiments ſeem to have been more favourable to female literature, before than after his intercourſe with the faſhionable world; for Clariſſa has been taught Latin, but Miſs Byron is made to ſay, that ſhe does not even know which are meant by the learned languages, and to declare, that a woman who knows them is an owl among the birds. The prejudice againſt any appearance of extraordinary cultivation in women, was, at that period, very ſtrong. It will ſcarcely be believed, by this generation, that Mrs. Delany, objects to the words *intellect* and *ethics*, in one of the converſation pieces, in Grandiſon, as too ſcholaſtic to proceed from the mouth of a female. What would ſome of theſe critics have ſaid, could they have heard young ladies talking of gaſes, and nitrous oxyd, and ſtimuli, and excitability, and all the terms of modern ſcience. The reſtraint of former times was painful and humiliating; what can be more humiliating than the neceſſity of affecting ignorance? and yet, perhaps, it is not undeſirable that female genius ſhould have ſomething to overcome; ſo much, as to render it probable, before a woman ſteps out of the

* The ſame of which an engraving is given in the work.

common walks of life, that her acquirements are ſolid, and her love for literature decided and irreſiſtible. Theſe obſtacles did not prevent the Epictetus of Mrs. Carter, nor the volumes of Mrs. Chapone, from being written and given to the world.

"The moral qualities of Richardſon were crowned with a ſerious and warm regard for religion; it is conſpicuous in all his works; and we ſhall, probably, not find any writings, of the claſs of novels, in which virtue and piety are ſo ſtrongly and uniformly recommended, without any party ſpirit, or view to recommend a particular ſyſtem, and it would be doing injuſtice to the taſte of the world not to ſay that they were highly valued on that account. The houſe of Richardſon was a ſchool of virtuous ſentiment and good morals. The following letter, from Mr. Reich, of Leipſic, ſhews the pleaſing impreſſion a viſit to him made on the lively feelings of a foreigner.

"You know, Sir, I ſet out for England purely with a view of cultivating a perſonal acquaintance with ſo great a man as Mr. Samuel Richardſon, who had ſo long endeared himſelf to me by his works, and who, afterwards, by the correſpondence eſtabliſhed between us, granted me his friendſhip. I arrived at London the eighth of Auguſt, and had not much difficulty in finding Mr. Richardſon in this great city. He gave me a reception worthy of the author of Pamela, Clariſſa, and Grandiſon; that is, with the ſame heart which appears throughout his works. His perſon, his family, and even his domeſtics, all anſwer this character. He carried me into his library, and his printing-houſe, (for he is a printer,) in both which I never ſaw things ſo well diſpoſed. Sunday following, I was with him at his country-houſe, (Selby-houſe) where his family was, with ſome ladies, acquaintances of his four daughters, who, with his lady, compoſe his family. It was there I ſaw beauties without affectation; wit without vanity; and thought myſelf tranſported to an inchanted land. After chocolate, Mr. Richardſon brought us into the garden, adjoining to the houſe. He invited me to partake of its fruits, of which the trees afforded the fineſt of their kind; and, perceiving that I heſitated, gathered ſome himſelf, which he preſented to me. Every thing I ſaw, every thing I taſted, recalled to me the idea of the golden age. Here are to be ſeen no counterfeits, ſuch as are the offspring of vanity, and the delight of fools. A noble ſimplicity reigns throughout, and elevates the ſoul. The harmony of this charming family furniſhed me with many reflections on the common ill-judged methods of education, whence ſprings the ſource either of our happineſs or miſery. The ladies affected not that ſtiff preciſeneſs peculiar to coquettes. Trained up by a parent who inſtructs them, ſtill more by his example than by his works, they ſtrive to imitate him; and, if you feel a tenderneſs for objects ſo lovely, you will ſurely be ſenſible of a ſtill greater reſpect for them.

"In the middle of the garden, over againſt the houſe, we came to a kind of grotto, where we reſted ourſelves. It was on this ſeat, Mr. Le Fevre, (Mr. Richardſon's friend) told me, that Pamela, Clariſſa, and Grandiſon, received their birth; I kiſſed the ink-horn on the ſide of it. We afterwards proceeded to table, (dinner), where an opportunity was offered me of reading the letters written to me by Malle. Sack, from Berlin, concerning my voyage, and Mr. Richardſon. One might in them diſcern that wit which is the peculiar characteriſtic of that lady; and, every one liſtened with the cloſeſt attention to whatever truth obliged me to ſay concerning her. Whereupon Mr. Richardſon obſerved to me, that the ladies in company were all his adopted daughters: that he ſhould be very proud to give to them, as well as to his own, ſo charming a ſiſter; and deſired to ſignify as much to her, and to ſend her his picture, which he gave me for that purpoſe. The reſt of our diſcourſe turned on the merits of Mr. Gellert, and of ſome other Germans of diſtinction. I told him, we had the ſame reaſon to glory in our relationſhip, as countrymen of theſe worthy gentlemen, as the Engliſh had in regard to him. Mr. Richardſon's uſual modeſty dictated his anſwer. Towards evening he brought me to London, where he made me promiſe to come and ſee him as often as I

could. On the Sunday following I was with him again at his pleaſant country ſeat. We found there a large company, all people of merit; Mr. Miller, author of the Gardener's Dictionary, (which has been tranſlated at Nurnburg, with ſuch ſucceſs), and Mr. Highmore, the famous painter, were there. This laſt, two days afterwards, conferred on me a genteel piece of civility, which I ſhall never forget: he muſt, indeed, be the accompliſhed gentleman he appears to be, by obliging with ſo good a grace. I was extremely concerned on not ſeeing his only daughter, who was in the country. I have read ſome of her letters, which excite in me the higheſt eſteem both for her underſtanding and her heart. In the evening I took my leave of the family, and returned with Mr. Richardſon. I ſaw him ſeveral times ſince, during the eight days I ſtaid in England; but it was neceſſary, at laſt, to quit that divine man. I gave him the letter entitled No. I. he embraced me, and a mutual tenderneſs deprived us of ſpeech. He accompanied me with his eyes as far as he could: I ſhed tears."

His *perſon* and *general character* ſhall cloſe our extracts from this moſt intereſting piece of biography.

"Richardſon was, in perſon, below the middle ſtature, and inclined to corpulency; of a round, rather than oval, face, with a fair ruddy complexion. His features, ſays one, who ſpeaks from recollection, bore the ſtamp of good nature, and were characteriſtic of his placid and amiable diſpoſition. He was ſlow in ſpeech, and, to ſtrangers at leaſt, ſpoke with reſerve and deliberation; but, in his manners, was affable, courteous, and engaging, and when ſurrounded with the ſocial circle he loved to draw around him, his eye ſparkled with pleaſure, and often expreſſed that particular ſpirit of archneſs which we ſee in ſome of his characters, and which gave, at times, a vivacity to his converſation, not expected from his general taciturnity and quiet manners. He has left us a characteriſtic portrait of himſelf, in a letter to Lady Bradſhaigh, written when he was in his ſixtieth year, before they had ſeen one another. She was to find him out by it (as ſhe actually did), as he walked in the Park. 'Short, rather plump, about five feet five inches, fair wig, one hand generally in his boſom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the ſkirts of his coat, that it may imperceptibly ſerve him as a ſupport, when attacked by ſudden tremors or dizzineſs, of a light brown complexion, teeth not yet failing him.' What follows is very deſcriptive of the ſtruggle in his character between innate baſhfulneſs and a turn for obſervation. 'Looking directly foreright, as paſſengers would imagine, but obſerving all that ſtirs on either hand of him, without moving his ſhort neck; a regular even pace, ſtealing away ground rather than ſeeming to rid it; a grey eye, too often overclouded by miſtineſs from the head, by chance lively, very lively if he ſees any he loves; if he approaches a lady, his eye is never fixed firſt on her face, but on her feet, and rears it up by degrees, ſeeming to ſet her down as ſo or ſo.'

"The health of Richardſon was grievouſly affected by thoſe diſorders which paſs under the denomination of nervous, and are the uſual conſequence of bad air, confinement, ſedentary employment, and the wear and tear of the mental faculties. It is aſtoniſhing how a man who had to raiſe his fortune by the ſlow proceſs of his own induſtry to take care of an extenſive buſineſs, to educate his own family, and to be a father to many of his relations, could find time in the breaks and pauſes of his other avocations, for works ſo conſiderable in ſize as well as in merit, 'nineteen cloſe printed volumes,' as he often mentions, when inſiſting upon it, in anſwer to the inſtances of his correſpondents, that he would write more, that he had already written more than enough. Where there exiſts ſtrong genius, the bent of the mind is imperious, and will be obeyed: but the body too often ſinks under it. 'I had originally,' (ſays he) 'a good conſtitution; I hurt it by no intemperance, but that of application.'

"Richardſon ſcarcely writes a letter without mentioning thoſe nervous or paralytic tremors, which indeed are very obſervable in thoſe letters written with his own hand, and which obliged him often to employ the hand of another. Yet his writing, to the laſt, was ſmall, even, and very

legible: Though a ſtrong advocate for public worſhip, he had diſcontinued, for many years, going to church, on account, as he tells Lady B. of his not being able to bear a croud. It is probable, however, that he alſo wanted the relaxation of a Sunday ſpent in the country. He took tar-water, then very much in vogue, and lived for ſeven years upon a vegetable diet; but his beſt remedy was probably his country houſe, and the amuſement of Tunbridge, which he was accuſtomed to frequent in the ſeaſon. He never could ride, being, as he declares, quite a cockney, but uſed a chamber horſe, one of which he kept at each of his houſes. His nervous maladies notwithſtanding increaſed, and for years before his death he could not lift the quantity of a ſmall glaſs of wine to his mouth, though put into a tumbler, without aſſiſtance. He loved to complain, but who that ſuffers from diſorders that affect the very ſprings of life and happineſs, does not? Who does not wiſh for the friendly ſoothings of ſympathy, under maladies from which more material relief is not to be expected? That ſympathy was feelingly expreſſed by Mrs. Chapone, in her Ode to Health, in the following apoſtrophe:

'Haſt thou not left a Richardſon unbleſt?
He woos thee ſtill in vain, relentleſs maid.
Tho' ſkill'd in ſweeteſt accents to perſuade,
And wake ſoft pity in the ſavage breaſt;
Him Virtue loves, and brighteſt fame is his:
Smile thou too, goddeſs, and complete his bliſs.'

"In the latter part of his life, he was rarely ſeen among his workmen, ſometimes not twice in a year, and, even when he was in town, gave his directions by little notes. His principal workman was hard of hearing; and Richardſon felt a nervous irritation, which made it not eaſy for him to bear any thing of hurry or perſonal altercation.

"His Will ſhews the ſame equitable, friendly, and beneficent diſpoſition, which was apparent in his life; legacies to a tribe of relations, to whom, it appears, he had given little penſions during his life; one third of his fortune to his wife, and the reſt to be divided equally among his daughters; recommending, however, his daughter Anne to her mother's peculiar care, from the weak ſtate of her health and ſpirits. Yet this object of his tender anxiety was the ſurvivor of the whole family. She is ſaid to have poſſeſſed 'an excellent and cultivated underſtanding, true piety, ſenſibility, reſignation, and ſtrength of mind.'

"His daughter Martha was married, in 1762, to Edward Bridgen, Eſq. and Sarah to Mr. Crowther, ſurgeon, of Boſwell-court. Mrs. Richardſon ſurvived her huſband twelve years.

"It is with particular pleaſure I ſubjoin to this account of Richardſon, the animated and lively deſcription of his character, which has been obligingly communicated to me in a letter from a lady, whoſe perſonal knowledge of him gives to her account both authenticity and intereſt.

"'I am willing to give you every aid in my power, and contribute my mite of praiſe to my venerated friend.

"'My firſt recollection of him is in his houſe in the centre of Saliſbury-ſquare, or Saliſbury-court, as it was then called; and of being admitted, as a playful child, into his ſtudy, where I have often ſeen Dr. Young, and others; and where I was generally careſſed, and rewarded with biſcuits or *bonbons* of ſome kind or other, and ſometimes with books, for which he, and ſome more of my friends, kindly encouraged a taſte, even at that early age, which has adhered to me all my life long, and continus to be the ſolace of many a painful hour. I recollect that he uſed to drop in at my father's, for we lived nearly oppoſite, late in in the evening, to ſupper; when, as he uſed to ſay, he had worked as long as his eyes and nerves would let him, and was come to relax, with a little friendly and domeſtic chat. I even then uſed to creep to his knee, and hang upon his words, for my whole family doated on him; and once, I recollect, that, at one of theſe evening viſits, probably about the year 1753, I was ſtanding by his knee, when my mother's maid came to ſummon me to bed; upon which, being

unwilling to part from him, and manifeſting ſome reluctance, he begged I might be permitted to ſtay a little longer; and, on my mother's objecting that the ſervant would be wanted to wait at ſupper, for, in thoſe days of friendly intercourſe and *real* hoſpitality, a decent maid-ſervant was the only attendant at *his own*, and many creditable tables, where, nevertheleſs, much company was received, Mr. Richardſon ſaid, 'I am ſure Miſs P. is now ſo much a woman, that ſhe does not want any one to attend her to bed, but will conduct herſelf with ſo much propriety, and put out her own candle ſo carefully, that ſhe may henceforward be indulged with us till ſupper is ſerved.' This hint, and the confidence it implied, had ſuch a good effect upon me, that, I believe, I never required the attendance of a ſervant afterwards, while my mother lived; and, by ſuch ſort of ingenious and gentle devices did he uſe to encourage and draw in young people to do what was right.—I alſo well remember the happy days I paſſed at his houſe at North End; ſometimes with my mother, but often, for weeks, without her, domeſticated as one of his own children. He uſed to paſs the greateſt part of the week in town; but, when he came down, he uſed to like to have his family flock around him, when we all firſt aſk and received his bleſſing, together with ſome ſmall boon from his paternal kindneſs and attention; for he ſeldom met us empty-handed, and was by nature moſt generous and liberal.

"'The piety, order, decorum, and ſtrict regularity, that prevailed in his family, were of infinite uſe to train the mind to good habits, and to depend upon its own reſources. It has been one of the means which, under the bleſſing of God, has enabled me to diſpenſe with the enjoyment of what the world calls pleaſures, ſuch as are found in crowds; and actually to reliſh and prefer the calm delight of retirement and books. As ſoon as Mrs. Richardſon aroſe, the beautiful Pſalms in Smith's Devotions were read reſponſively in the nurſery, by herſelf, and daughters, ſtanding in a circle: only the two eldeſt were allowed to breakfaſt with her, and whatever company happened to be in the houſe, for they were ſeldom without. After breakfaſt we younger ones read to her in turns the Pſalms, and leſſons for the day. We were then permitted to purſue our childiſh ſports, or to walk in the garden, which I was allowed to do at pleaſure; for, when my mother heſitated upon granting that privilege, for fear I ſhould help myſelf to the fruit, Mrs. Richardſon ſaid, 'No! I have ſo much confidence in her, that, if ſhe is put upon honour, I am certain that ſhe will not touch ſo much as a gooſeberry.' A confidence, I dare ſafely aver, that I never forfeited, and which has given me the power of walking in any garden ever ſince, without the ſmalleſt deſire to touch any fruit, and taught me a leſſon upon the reſtraint of appetite, which has been uſeful to me all my life. We all dined at one table, and generally drank tea and ſpent the evening in Mrs. Richardſon's parlour, where the practice was for one of the young ladies to read, while the reſt ſat with mute attention, round a large table, and employed themſelves in ſome kind of needle-work. Mr. Richardſon generally retired to his ſtudy, unleſs there was particular company.

"Theſe are childiſh and trifling anecdotes, and ſavour, perhaps you may think, too much of egotiſm. They certainly can be of no further uſe to you, than as they mark the extreme benevolence, condeſcenſion, and kindneſs, of this exalted genius, towards young people; for, in general ſociety, I know he has been accuſed of being of few words, and of a particularly reſerved turn. He was, however, all his life-time, the patron and protector of the female ſex. Miſs M. (afterwards Lady G.) paſſed many years in his family. She was the boſom friend, and contemporary of my mother; and was ſo much conſidered as *enfant de famille* in Mr. Richardſon's houſe, that her portrait is introduced into a family-piece.

"'He had many *protegées*:—A Miſs Roſine, from Portugal, was conſigned to his care; but of her, being then at ſchool, I never ſaw much. Moſt of the ladies that reſided much at his houſe, acquired a certain degree of faſtidiouſneſs and delicate refinement, which, though amiable in itſelf, rather diſqualified them from appearing in general ſociety, to

the advantage that might have been expected, and rendered an intercourſe with the world uneaſy to themſelves, giving a peculiar air of ſhineſs and reſerve to their whole addreſs, of which habits his own daughters partook, in a degree that has been thought by ſome, a little to obſcure thoſe really valuable qualifications and talents they undoubtedly poſſeſſed. Yet, this was ſuppoſed to be owing more to Mrs. Richardſon than to him; who, though a truly good woman, had high and Harlowean notions of parental authority, and kept the ladies in ſuch order, and at ſuch a diſtance, that he often lamented, as I have been told by my mother, that they were not more open and converſable with him.

" 'Beſides thoſe I have already named, I well remember a Mrs. Donellan, a venerable old lady, with ſharp piercing eyes; Miſs Mulſo, &c. &c. Secker, Archbiſhop of Canterbury; Sir Thomas Robinſon (Lord Grantham), &c. &c. who were frefrequent viſitors at his houſe in town and country. The ladies I have named, were often ſtaying at North End, at the period of his higheſt glory and reputation; and, in their company and converſation, his genius was matured. His benevolence was unbounded, as his manner of diffuſing it was delicate and refined.'"

We ſhall proceed to the Letters in the enſuing number of our Miſcellany.

LXXIX. LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER, Eſq. *being the third volume of the Life and Writings of* WILLIAM COWPER, Eſq. 400 *pag. Quarto*, 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Continued from p.* 352.]

WE now haſten to cloſe our extracts from this moſt intereſting publication.

The CIX. letter is jocularly pleaſing.

" To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

" July 3, 1784.

" My dear William,

" We rejoice that you had a ſafe journey, and though we ſhould have rejoiced ſtill more had you had no occaſion for a phyſician, we are glad that having had need of one, you had the good fortune to find him—let us hear ſoon that his advice has proved effectual, and that you are delivered from all ill ſymptoms.

" Thanks for the care you have taken to furniſh me with a dictionary, it is rather ſtrange that at my time of life, and after a youth ſpent in claſſical purſuits, I ſhould want one, and ſtranger ſtill, that being poſſeſſed at preſent of only one Latin author in the world, I ſhould think it worth while to purchaſe one. I ſay that it is ſtrange, and indeed I think it ſo myſelf. But I have a thought that when my preſent labours of the pen are ended, I may go to ſchool again, and refreſh my ſpirits by a little intercourſe with the Mantuan and the Sabine Bard, and perhaps by a reperuſal of ſome others, whoſe works we generally lay by at that period of life, when we are beſt qualified to read them, when the judgment and the taſte being formed their beauties are leaſt likely to be over-looked.

" This change of wind and weather comforts me, and I ſhould have enjoyed the firſt fine morning I have ſeen this month with a peculiar reliſh, if our new tax-maker had not put me out of temper. I am angry with him, not only for the matter, but for the manner of his propoſal. When he lays his impoſt upon horſes, he is jocular, and laughs, though conſidering that wheels and miles, and grooms, were taxed before, a graver countenance upon the occaſion would have been more decent. But he provoked me ſtill more by reaſoning as he does on the juſtification of the tax upon candles; ſome families, he ſays, will ſuffer little by it: why? becauſe they are ſo poor that they cannot afford themſelves more than ten pounds in the year. Excellent? They can uſe but few, therefore they will pay but little, and conſequently will be but little burthened, an argument which for its cruelty and effrontery, ſeems worthy of a hero; but he does not avail himſelf of the whole force of it, nor with all his wiſdom, had ſagacity enough to ſee that it contains, when puſhed to its utmoſt extent, a free diſcharge and acquittal of the poor from the payment of any tax at all, a commodity being once made too expenſive for their pockets, will coſt them nothing, for they will not buy it. Rejoice therefore, oh ye penny-leſs! the miniſter will indeed ſend you to bed in the dark, but your remaining halfpenny will be ſafe, inſtead of being

ſpent in the uſeleſs luxury of candle-light, it will buy you a roll for breakfaſt, which you will eat no doubt with gratitude to the man, who ſo kindly leſſens the number of your diſburſements, and while he ſeems to threaten your money, ſaves it. I wiſh he would remember, that the half-penny which government impoſes, the ſhop-keeper will ſwell to two-pence. I wiſh he would viſit the miſerable huts of our lace-makers at Olney, and ſee them working in the winter months, by the light of a farthing candle, from four in the afternoon till midnight: I wiſh he had laid his tax upon the ten thouſand lamps that illuminate the Pantheon, upon the flambeaux that wait upon ten thouſand chariots and ſedans in the evening, and upon the wax candles that give light to ten thouſand card tables. I wiſh, in ſhort, that he would conſider the pockets of the poor as ſacred, and that to tax a people already ſo neceſſitous, is but to diſcourage the little induſtry that is left among us, by driving the laborious to deſpair.

"A neighbour of mine, in Silver End, keeps an aſs, the aſs lives on the other ſide of the garden wall, and I am writing in the green-houſe, it happens that he is this morning moſt muſically diſpoſed, whether cheered by the fine weather, or by ſome new tune which he has juſt acquired, or by finding his voice more harmonious than uſual. It would be cruel to mortify ſo fine a ſinger, therefore I do not tell him that he interrupts and hinders me, but I venture to tell you ſo, and to plead his performance in excuſe of my abrupt concluſion.

"I ſend you the goldfinches, with which you will do as you ſee good. We have an affectionate remembrance of your late viſit, and of all our friends at Stock.

"Believe me ever yours,

"W. C."

The CX. Letter is alſo of the ſame deſcription.

"To the Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

"July 5, 1784.

"My dear Friend,

"A dearth of materials, a conſciouſneſs that my ſubjects are for the moſt part, and muſt be unintereſting and unimportant; but above all, a poverty of animal ſpirits, that makes writing much a great fatigue to me; have occaſioned my choice of ſmaller paper. Acquieſce in the juſtneſs of theſe reaſons for the preſent; and if ever the times ſhould mend with me, I promiſe to amend with them.

"Homer ſays on a certain occaſion, that Jupiter, when he was wanted at home, was gone to partake of an entertainment provided for him by the Æthiopians. If by Jupiter we underſtand the weather or the ſeaſon, as the ancients frequently did, we may ſay, that our Engliſh Jupiter has been abſent on account of ſome ſuch invitation: During the whole month of June he left us to experience almoſt the rigours of winter. This fine day however, affords us ſome hope, that the feaſt is ended, and that we ſhall enjoy his company without the interference of his Æthiopian friends again.

"Is it poſſible, that the wiſe men of antiquity could entertain a real reverence for the fabulous rubbiſh, which they dignified with the name of religion? We, who have been favoured from our infancy with ſo clear a light, are perhaps hardly competent to decide the queſtion, and may ſtrive in vain to imagine the abſurdities, that even a good underſtanding may receive as truths, when totally unaided by revelation. It ſeems however, that men, whoſe conceptions upon other ſubjects were often ſublime, whoſe reaſoning powers were undoubtedly equal to our own, and whoſe management in matters of juriſprudence, that required a very induſtrious examination of evidence, was as acute and ſubtle as that of a modern Attorney General, could not be the dupes of ſuch impoſture, as a child among us would detect and laugh at. Juvenal (I remember) introduces one of his ſatires with an obſervation, that there were ſome in his day who had the hardineſs to laugh at the ſtories of Tartarus and Styx, and Charon, and of the frogs that croak upon the banks of Lethe, giving his reader at the ſame time, cauſe to ſuſpect, that he was himſelf one of that profane number. Horace, on the other hand, declares in ſober ſadneſs, that he would not for all the world, get into a boat with a man, who had devulged the Eleuſinian myſteries. Yet we know, that thoſe myſteries, whatever they might be, were altogether as unwor-

thy to be eſteemed divine, as the mythology of the vulgar. How then muſt we determine? If Horace were a good and orthodox Heathen, how came Juvenal to be ſuch an ungracious libertine in principle, as to ridicule the doctrines which the other held as ſacred? Their opportunities of information, and their mental advantages were equal. I feel myſelf rather inclined to believe, that Juvenal's avowed infidelity was ſincere, and that Horace was no better than a canting, hypocritical profeſſor.

"You muſt grant me a diſpenſation for ſaying any thing, whether it be ſenſe or nonſenſe, upon the ſubject of politics. It is truly a matter, in which I am ſo little intereſted, that, were it not that it ſometimes ſerves me for a theme, when I can find no other, I ſhould never mention it. I would forfeit a large ſum, if after advertiſing a month in the Gazette, the miniſter of the day, whoever he may be, could diſcover a man that cares about him or his meaſures, ſo little as I do. When I ſay, that I would forfeit a large ſum, I mean to have it underſtood, that I would forfeit ſuch a ſum if I had it. If Mr. Pitt be indeed a virtuous man, as ſuch I reſpect him. But at the beſt I fear, that he will have to ſay at laſt with Æneas,

"'*Si Pergama dextrâ*
Defendi poſſent, etiàm hâc defenſa fuiſſent.'

Be he what he may, I do not like his taxes. At leaſt I am much diſpoſed to quarrel with ſome of them. The additional duty upon candles, by which the poor will be much affected, kurts me moſt. He ſays indeed, that they will but little feel it, becauſe even now they can hardly afford the uſe of them. He had certainly put no compaſſion into his budget, when he produced from it this tax, and ſuch an argument to ſupport it. Juſtly tranſlated, it ſeems to amount to this: 'Make the neceſſaries of life too expenſive for the poor to reach them, and you will ſave their money. If they buy but few candles, they will pay but little tax; and if they buy none, the tax, as to them, will be annihilated.' True! But in the mean time, they will break their ſhins againſt their furniture, if they have any, and will be but little the richer, when the hours, in which they might work, if they could ſee, ſhall be deducted.

"I have bought a great dictionary, and want nothing but Latin authors, to furniſh me with the uſe of it. Had I purchaſed them firſt, I had begun at the right end. But I could not afford it. I beſeech you admire my prudence.

"*Vivite, valete, et mementote noſtrum.*

"Yours affectionately,

"W. C."

The CXVII. Letter is amuſingly deſcriptive, excepting the concluding remark, which ſavours of that melancholy by which this excellent man was oppreſſed through life.

"To the Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

"Sept. 18, 1784.

"My dear Friend,

"Following your good example, I lay before me a ſheet of my largeſt paper. It was this moment fair and unblemiſhed, but I have begun to blot it, and having begun, am not likely to ceaſe till I have ſpoiled it. I have ſent you many a ſheet that in my judgment of it, has been very unworthy of your acceptance, but my conſcience was in ſome meaſure ſatisfied by reflecting that if it were good for nothing, at the ſame time it coſt you nothing, except the trouble of reading it. But the caſe is altered now. You muſt pay a ſolid price for frothy matter, and though I do not abſolutely pick you pocket, yet you loſe your money, and, as the ſaying is, are never the wiſer.

"My green-houſe is never ſo pleaſant as when we are juſt upon the point of being turned out of it. The gentleneſs of the autumnal ſuns, and the calmneſs of this latter ſeaſon, make it a much more agreeable retreat than we ever find it in ſummer: when the winds being generally briſk, we cannot cool it by admitting a ſufficient quantity of air, without being at the ſame time incommoded by it. But now I ſit with all the windows and the door wide open, and am regaled with the ſcent of every flower in a garden as full of flowers as I have known how to make it. We keep no bees, but if I lived in a hive,

I ſhould hardly hear more of their muſic. All the bees in the neighbourhood reſort to a bed of mignonette, oppoſite to the window, and pay me for the honey they get out of it, by a hum, which though rather monotonous, is as agreeable to my ear, as the whiſtling of my linnets. All the ſounds that nature utters are delightful, at leaſt in this country. I ſhould not perhaps find the roaring of lions in Africa, or of bears in Ruſſia, very pleaſing, but I know no beaſt in England whoſe voice I do not account muſical, ſave and except always the braying of an aſs. The notes of all our birds and fowls pleaſe me, without one exception. I ſhould not indeed think of keeping a gooſe in a cage, that I might hang him up in the parlour, for the ſake of his melody, but a gooſe upon a common, or in a farm-yard, is no bad performer: and as to inſects, if the black beetle, and beetles indeed of all hues, will keep out of my way. I have no objection to any of the reſt; on the contrary, in whatever key they ſing, from the gnat's fine treble, to the baſs of the humble bee, I admire them all. Seriouſly however, it ſtrikes me as a very obſervable inſtance of providential kindneſs to man, that ſuch an exact accord has been contrived between his ear, and the ſounds with which, at leaſt in a rural ſituation, it is almoſt every moment viſited. All the world is ſenſible of the uncomfortable effect that certain ſounds have upon the nerves, and conſequently upon the ſpirits—And if a ſinful world had been filled with ſuch as would have curdled the blood, and have made the ſenſe of hearing a perpetual inconvenience, I do not know that we ſhould have had a right to complain. But now the fields, the woods, the gardens, have each their concert, and the ear of man is for ever regaled, by creatures who ſeem only to pleaſe themſelves. Even the ears that are deaf to the Goſpel, are continually entertained, though without knowing it, by ſounds for which they are ſolely indebted to its author. There is ſome where in infinite ſpace, a world that does not roll within the precincts of mercy, and as it is reaſonable, and even ſcriptural to ſuppoſe, that there is muſic in heaven, in thoſe diſmal regions perhaps the reverſe of it is found. Tones ſo diſmal, as to make woe itſelf more inſupportable, and to acuminate even deſpair. But my paper admoniſhes me in good time to draw the reins, and to check the deſcent of my fancy into deeps with which ſhe is but too familiar.

"Our beſt love attends you both,

"With yours.

"W. C."

The CXIXth Letter with its concluſion reſpecting the truly worthy Captain Cook, is too remarkable to be omitted.

"To the Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

"Oct. 9, 1784.

"My dear Friend,

"The pains you have taken to diſengage our correſpondence from the expence with which it was threatened, convinceing me that my Letters, trivial as they are, are yet acceptable to you, encourage me to obſerve my uſual punctuality. You complain of unconnected thoughts. I believe there is not a head in the world but might utter the ſame complaint, and that all would do ſo, were they all as attentive to their own vagaries, and as honeſt as yours. The deſcription of your meditations at leaſt ſuits mine, perhaps I can go a ſtep beyond you, upon the ſame ground, and aſſert with the ſtricteſt truth, that I not only do not think with connexion, but that I frequently do not think at all. I am much miſtaken if I do not often catch myſelf napping in this way; for when I aſk myſelf, what was the laſt idea (as the uſhers at Weſtminſter aſk an idle boy, what was the laſt word) I am not able to anſwer, but like the boy in queſtion, am obliged to ſtare, and ſay nothing. This may be a very unphiloſophical account of myſelf, and may claſh very much with the general opinion of the learned, that the ſoul being an active principle, and her activity conſiſting in thought, ſhe muſt conſequently always think. But pardon me, meſſieurs les philoſophes, there are moments, when if I think at all, I am utterly unconſcious of doing ſo; and the thought, and the conſciouſneſs of it, ſeem to me at leaſt, who am no philoſopher, to be inſeparable from each other. Perhaps however, we may both be right; and if you will grant me that I do not always think, I will in return concede to you the activity you contend for, and will

qualify the difference between us by ſuppoſing, that though the ſoul be in herſelf an active principle, the influence of her preſent union with a principle that is not ſuch, makes her often dormant, ſuſpends her operations, and affects her with a ſort of deliquium, in which ſhe ſuffers a temporary loſs of all her functions. I have related to you my experience truly, and without diſguiſe; you muſt therefore, either admit my aſſertion, that the ſoul does not neceſſarily always act, or deny that mine is an human ſoul: a negative that I am ſure you will not eaſily prove. So much for a diſpute which I little thought of being engaged in to day.

"Laſt night I had a letter from Lord Dartmouth. It was to appriſe me of the ſafe arrival of Cook's laſt voyage, which he was ſo kind as to lend me, in St. James's Square. The reading of thoſe volumes afforded me much amuſement, and I hope ſome inſtruction. No obſervation however, forced itſelf upon me with more violence than one, that I could not help making, on the death of Captain Cook. God is a jealous God, and at Owhyhee the poor man was content to be worſhipped. From that moment, the remarkable interpoſition of Providence in his favour, was converted into an oppoſition, that thwarted all his purpoſes. He left the ſcene of his deification, but was driven back to it by a moſt violent ſtorm, in which he ſuffered more than in any that had preceded it. When he departed, he left his worſhippers ſtill infatuated with an idea of his godſhip, conſequently well diſpoſed to ſerve him. At his return, he found them ſullen, diſtruſtful, and myſterious. A trifling theft was committed, which by a blunder of his own in purſuing the thief, after the property had been reſtored, was magnified to an affair of the laſt importance. One of their favourite chiefs was killed too by a blunder. Nothing in ſhort, but blunder and miſtake attended him, 'till he fell breathleſs into the water, and then all was ſmooth again. The world indeed will not take notice, or ſee that the diſpenſation bore evident marks of divine diſpleaſure; but a mind, I think, in any degree ſpiritual, cannot overlook them. We know from truth itſelf, that the death of Herod was for a ſimilar offence. But Herod was in no ſenſe a believer in God, nor had enjoyed half the opportunities with which our poor countrymen had been favoured. It may be urged perhaps, that he was in jeſt, that he meant nothing but his own amuſement, and that of his companions. I doubt it. He knows little of the heart, who does not know, that even in a ſenſible man, it is flattered by every ſpecies of exaltation. But be it ſo, that he was in ſport—it was not humane, to ſay no worſe of it, to ſport with the ignorance of his friends, to mock their ſimplicity, to humour and acquieſce in their blind credulity. Beſides, though a ſtock or a ſtone may be worſhipped blameleſs, a baptized man may not. He knows what he does, and by ſuffering ſuch honours to be paid him, incurs the guilt of ſacrilege.*

"We are glad that you are ſo happy in your church, in your ſociety, and in all your connexions. I have not left myſelf room to ſay any thing of the love we feel for you.

"Yours, my dear friend,

"W. C."

Letter CXXII. beſides ſome curious remarks, throws light on the compoſition of the *Taſk*.

"To the Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

"Oct. 30, 1784.

"My dear Friend,

"I accede moſt readily to the juſtneſs of your remarks, on the ſubject of the truly Roman heroiſm of the Sandwich-islanders. Proofs of ſuch proweſs (I believe) are ſeldom exhibited by a people, who have attained

* "NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

"Having enjoyed in the year 1772, the pleaſure of converſing with this illuſtrious ſeaman, on board his own ſhip the Reſolution, I cannot paſs the preſent letter without obſerving that I am perſuaded my friend Cowper utterly miſapprehended the behaviour of Captain Cook, in the affair alluded to. From the little perſonal acquaintance which I had myſelf with this humane and truly Chriſtian Navigator, and from the whole tenor of his life, I cannot believe it poſſible for him to have acted under any circumſtances, with ſuch impious arrogance, as might appear offenſive in the eyes of the Almighty.

to a high degree of civilization. Refinement, and profligacy of principle, are too nearly allied to admit of any thing so noble; and I question, whether any instances of faithful friendship like that, which so much affected you in the behaviour of the poor savage, were produced even by the Romans themselves, in the latter days of the empire. They had been a nation, whose virtues it is impossible not to wonder at. But Greece, which was to them what France is to us, a Pandora's box of mischief, reduced them to her own standard, and they naturally soon sunk still lower. Religion in this case, seems pretty much out of the question. To the production of such heroism undebauched nature herself is equal. When Italy was a land of heroes, she knew no more of the true God, than her cicisbeos and her fiddlers know now; and indeed it seems a matter of indifference, whether a man be born under a truth, which does not influence him, or under the actual influence of a lie; or if there be any difference between the two cases, it seems to be rather in favour of the latter: for a false persuasion, such as the Mahometan for instance, may animate the courage, and furnish motives for the contempt of death, while despisers of the true religion are punished for their folly, by being abandoned to the last degrees of depravity. Accordingly we see a Sandwich-islander sacrificing himself to his dead friend, and our Christian seamen and mariners, instead of being impress by a sense of his generosity, butchering him with a persevering cruelty, that will disgrace them for ever; for he was a defenceless, unresisting enemy, who meant nothing more than to gratify his love for the deceased. To slay him in such circumstances was to murder him, and with every aggravation of the crime that can be imagined.

"I am again at Johnson's, in the shape of a Poem in blank-verse; consisting of six books, and called The Task. I begun it about this time twelve-month, and, writing sometimes an hour in a day, sometimes half an one, and sometimes two hours, have lately finished it. I mentioned it not sooner, because almost to the last I was doubtful, whether I should ever bring it to a conclusion, working often in such distress of mind, as, while it spurred me to the work, at the same time threatened to disqualify me for it. My bookseller (I suppose) will be as tardy as before. I do not expect to be born into the world, till the month of March; when I and the crocusses shall peep together. You may assure yourself, that I shall take my first opportunity to wait on you. I mean likewise to gratify myself by obtruding my muse upon Mr. Bacon.

"Adieu, my dear friend!

"We are well, and love you.

"Yours and Mrs. Newton's,

"W. C."

Letter CXXVI. further illustrates the composition of the *Task*.

"To the Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

"Dec. 13, 1784.

"My dear Friend,

"Having imitated no man, I may reasonably hope, that I shall not incur the disadvantage of a comparison with my betters. Milton's manner was peculiar. So is Thomson's. He, that should write like either of them, would in my judgment, deserve the name of a copyist, but not a poet. A judicious, and sensible reader therefore, like yourself, will not say, that my manner is not good, because it does not resemble their's, but will rather consider what it is in itself. Blank-verse is susceptible of a much greater diversification of manner, than verse in rhyme: and why the modern writers of it, have all thought proper to cast their numbers alike, I know not. Certainly it was not necessity, that compelled them to it. I flatter myself however, that I have avoided that sameness with others, which would entitle me to nothing but a share in one common oblivion with them all. It is possible, that, as the Reviewer of my former volume found cause to say, that he knew not to what class of writers to refer me, the Reviewer of this, whoever he shall be, may see occasion to remark the same singularity. At any rate, though as little apt to be sanguine as most men, and more prone to fear and despond, than to over-rate my own productions, I am persuaded, that I shall not forfeit any thing by this volume, that I gained by the last. As to the title, I take it to be the best that is to be had. It is not possible that a book, including such a variety of subjects,

and in which no particular one is predominant, ſhould find a title adapted to them all. In ſuch a caſe, it ſeemed almoſt neceſſary to accommodate the name to the incident, that gave birth to the poem; nor does it appear to me, that becauſe I performed more than my taſk, therefore the Taſk is not a ſuitable title. A houſe would ſtill be a houſe, though the builder of it ſhould make it ten times as big as he at firſt intended. I might indeed, following the example of the Sunday news-monger, call it the Olio. But I ſhould do myſelf wrong, for though it have much variety, it has, I truſt, no confuſion.

"For the ſame reaſon, none of the interior titles apply themſelves to the contents at large of that book, to which they belong. They are, every one of them, taken either from the leading (I ſhould ſay the introductory) paſſage of that particular book, or from that which makes the moſt conſpicuous figure in it. Had I ſet off with a deſign to write upon a gridiron, and had I actually written near two hundred lines upon that utenſil, as I have upon the ſofa, the gridiron ſhould have been my title. But the ſofa being, as I may ſay, the ſtarting-poſt, from which I addreſſed myſelf to the long race, that I ſoon conceived a deſign to run, it acquired a juſt pre-eminence in my account, and was very worthily advanced to the titular honor it enjoys, its right being at leaſt ſo far a good one, that no word in the language could pretend a better.

"The Time-Piece appears to me, (though by ſome accident the import of that title has eſcaped you) to have a degree of propriety beyond the moſt of them. The book to which it belongs, is intended to ſtrike the hour that gives notice of approaching judgment; and dealing pretty largely in the ſigns of the times, ſeems to be denominated, as it is, with a ſufficient degree of accommodation to the ſubject.

"As to the word *worm*, it is the very appellation, which Milton himſelf, in a certain paſſage of the Paradiſe Loſt, gives to the ſerpent. Not having the book at hand, I cannot now refer to it, but I am ſure of the fact. I am miſtaken too, if Shakeſpear's Cleopatra do not call the aſp, by which ſhe thought fit to deſtroy herſelf, by the ſame name. But not having read the play theſe five-and-twenty years, I will not affirm it. They are however, without all doubt, convertible terms—a worm is a ſmall ſerpent, and a ſerpent is a large worm. And when an epithet ſignificant of the moſt terrible ſpecies of thoſe creatures is adjoined, the idea is ſurely ſufficiently aſcertained. No animal of the vermicular or ſerpentine kind is creſted, but the moſt formidable of all,

"Yours affectionately,
"W. C."

Letter CXXXIII. relates alſo to his poems—with a very pleaſing compariſon at the concluſion of it.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.
"April 30, 1785.

"My dear Friend,

"I return you thanks for a letter ſo warm with intelligence of the celebrity of John Gilpin. I little thought, when I mounted him upon my Pegaſus, that he would become ſo famous. I have learned alſo, from Mr. Newton, that he is equally renowned in Scotland, and that a lady there had undertaken to write a ſecond part, on the ſubject of Mrs. Gilpin's return to London, but not ſucceeding in it as ſhe wiſhed, ſhe dropped it. He tells me likewiſe, that the Head-Maſter of St. Paul's School (who he is I know not) has conceived, in conſequence of the entertainment that John has afforded him, a vehement deſire to write to me. Let us hope that he will alter his mind; for ſhould we even exchange civilities on the occaſion, Tirocinium will ſpoil all. The great eſtimation however, in which this knight of the ſtone-bottles is held, may turn out a circumſtance propitious to the volume, of which his hiſtory will make a part. Thoſe events that prove the prelude to our greateſt ſucceſs, are often apparently trivial in themſelves, and ſuch as ſeemed to promiſe nothing; the diſappointment, that Horace mentions, is reverſed—We deſign a mug, and it proves an hogſhead. It is a little hard, that I alone, ſhould be unfurniſhed with a printed copy of this facetious ſtory. When you viſit London next, you muſt buy the moſt elegant impreſſion of it, and bring it with you. I thank you alſo for writing to Johnſon. I likewiſe wrote to

der regard for the drum of your ear may keep you from her. Never mind! You have two drums, and if she should crack both, I will buy you a trumpet.

"General Cowper having much pressed me to accompany my proposals with a specimen, I have sent him one. It is taken from the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, and is part of the interview between Priam and Achilles. Tell me, if it be possible for any man to tell me—why did Homer leave off at the burial of Hector? Is it possible, that he could be determined to it by a conceit, so little worthy of him, as that, having made the number of his books completely the alphabetical number, he would not for the joke's sake, proceed any farther? Why did he not give us the death of Achilles, and the destruction of Troy? Tell me also, if the critics, with Aristotle at their head, have not found, that he left off exactly where he should, and that every epic poem to all generations, is bound to conclude with the burial of Hector? I do not in the least doubt it. Therefore if I live to write a dozen epic poems, I will always take care to bury Hector, and to bring all matters at that point to an immediate conclusion.

"I had truly a kind letter from Mr. ———, written immediately on his recovery from the fever. I am bound to honour James's powder, not only for the services it has often rendered to myself, but still more for having been the means of preserving a life ten times more valuable to society, than mine is ever likely to be.

"You say,—'Why should I trouble you with my troubles?'—I answer—Why not? What is a friend good for, if we may not lay one end of the sack upon his shoulders, while we ourselves carry the other?

"You see your duty to God, and your duty to your neighbour; and you practise both with your best ability. Yet a certain person accounts you blind. I would, that all the world were so blind even as you are. But there are some in it, who like the Chinese, say—'We have two eyes; and other nations have but one!' I am glad, however, that in your one eye, you have sight enough to discover, that such censures are not worth minding.

"I thank you heartily for every step you take in the advancement of my present purpose.

"Contrive to pay Lady H. a long visit, for she has a thousand things to say.

"Yours, my dear William,

"W. C."

A description of his own situation in Letter CXLI. is amusing.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Olney, July 3, 1786.

"My dear William,

"After a long silence, I begin again. A day given to my friends, is a day taken from Homer, but to such an interruption now and then occurring, I have no objection. Lady Hesketh is as you observe, arrived—and has been with us near a fortnight. She pleases every body, and is pleased in her turn, with every thing she finds at Olney; is always cheerful, and sweet-tempered; and knows no pleasure equal to that of communicating pleasure to us, and to all around her. This disposition in her, is the more comfortable, because it is not the humour of the day, a sudden flash of benevolence and good spirits, occasioned merely by a change of scene, but it is her natural turn, and has governed all her conduct ever since I knew her first. We are consequently happy in her society, and shall be happier still, to have you to partake with us in our joy. I am fond of the sound of bells, but was never more pleased with those of Olney, than when they rang her into her new habitation. It is a compliment that our performers upon those instruments have never paid to any other personage (Lord Dartmouth excepted) since we knew the town. In short, she is as she ever was, my pride and my joy; and I am delighted with every thing that means to do her honour. Her first appearace was too much for me; my spirits, instead of being greatly raised, as I had inadvertently supposed they would be, broke down with me, under the pressure of too much joy, and left me flat, or rather melancholy, throughout the day, to a degree that was mortifying to myself, and alarming to her. But I have made amends for this failure

ſince, and in point of cheerfulneſs, have far exceeded her expectations; for ſhe knew that ſable had been my ſuit for many years.

"And now I ſhall communicate news that will give you pleaſure. When you firſt contemplated the front of our abode, you were ſhocked. In your eyes it had the appearance of a priſon, and you ſighed at the thought that your mother lived in it. Your view of it was not only juſt, but prophetic. It had not only the aſpect of a place built for the purpoſes of incarceration, but has actually ſerved that purpoſe through a long, long period, and we have been the priſoners. But a jail-delivery is at hand. The bolts and bars are to be looſed, and we ſhall eſcape. A very different manſion, both in point of appearance, and accommodation, expects us; and the expence of living in it not greater than we are ſubjected to in this. It is ſituated at Weſton, one of the prettieſt villages in England, and belongs to Mr. Throckmorton. We all three dine with him to-day by invitation, and ſhall ſurvey it in the afternoon, point out the neceſſary repairs, and finally adjuſt the treaty. I have my couſin's promiſe that ſhe will never let another year paſs without a viſit to us, and the houſe is large enough to take us and our ſuite, and her alſo, with as many of hers as ſhe ſhall chuſe to bring. The change will I hope prove advantageous, both to your mother and me, in all reſpects. Here we have no neighbourhood, there we ſhall have moſt agreeable neighbours in the Throckmortons. Here we have a bad air in winter, impregnated with the fiſhy-ſmelling fumes of the marſh miaſma; there we ſhall breathe in an atmoſphere untainted. Here we are confined from September to March, and ſometimes longer; there we ſhall be upon the very verge of pleaſure-grounds, in which we can always ramble, and ſhall not wade through almoſt impaſſable dirt to get at them. Both your mother's conſtitution and mine, have ſuffered materially by ſuch cloſe and long confinement, and it is high time, unleſs we intend to retreat into the grave, that we ſhould ſeek out a more wholeſome reſidence. So far is well, the reſt is left to Heaven.

"I have hardly left myſelf room for an anſwer to your queries concerning my friend John and his ſtudies. I ſhould recommend the civil war of Cæſar, becauſe he wrote it, who ranks I believe as the beſt writer, as well as ſoldier, of his day. There are books (I know not what they are, but you do, and can eaſily find them) that will inform him clearly of both the civil and military management of the Romans, the ſeveral officers, I mean, in both departments; and what was the peculiar province of each. The ſtudy of ſome ſuch book would, I ſhould think, prove a good introduction to that of Livy, unleſs you have a Livy, with notes to that effect. A want of intelligence in thoſe points, has heretofore made the Roman hiſtory very dark and difficult to me; therefore I thus adviſe.

"Yours ever,

"W. C."

Letter CXLVI. has a ſmack of politics, and rather of a gloomy caſt.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"My dear Friend,

"I write under the impreſſion of a difficulty not eaſily ſurmounted, the want of ſomething to ſay. Letter-ſpinning is generally more entertaining to the writer, than the reader; for your ſake therefore, I would avoid it, but a dearth of materials is very apt to betray one into a trifling ſtrain, in ſpite of all our endeavours to be ſerious.

"I left off on Saturday; this preſent being Monday morning, I renewed the attempt in hopes that I may poſſibly catch ſome ſubject by the end, and be more ſucceſsful.

"So have I ſeen the maids in vain
Tumble and teize a tangled ſkein,
They bite the lip, they ſcratch the head,
And cry—'the Deuce is in the thread!'
They torture it, and jerk it round,
'Till the right end at laſt is found,
Then wind, and wind, and wind away,
And what was work is chang'd to play.

him myſelf. Your letter and mine together have operated to admiration, there needs nothing more, but that the effect be laſting, and the whole will ſoon be printed. We now draw towards the middle of the fifth book of the Taſk. The man, Johnſon, is like unto ſome vicious horſes, that I have known. They would not budge 'till they were ſpurred, and when they were ſpurred, they would kick. So did he. His temper was ſomewhat diſconcerted; but his pace was quickened, and I was contented.

"I was very much pleaſed with the following ſentence in Mr. Newton's laſt—'I am perfectly ſatisfied with the propriety of your proceeding as to the publication.' Now therefore we are friends again. Now he once more inquires after the work, which, 'till he had diſburthened himſelf of this acknowledgment, neither he nor I, in any of our letters to each other, ever mentioned. Some ſide-wind has wafted to him a report of thoſe reaſons, by which I juſtified my conduct; I never made a ſecret of them, but both your mother and I have ſtudiouſly depoſited them with thoſe, who we thought were moſt likely to tranſmit them to him. They wanted only an hearing, which once obtained, their ſolidity and cogency were ſuch, that they were ſure to prevail.

"You mention ———. I formerly knew the man you mention, but his elder brother much better. We were ſchool-fellows, and he was one of a club of ſeven Weſtminſter men, to which I belonged, who dined together every Thurſday. Should it pleaſe God to give me ability to perform the Poet's part to ſome purpoſe, many whom I once called friends, but who have ſince treated me with a moſt magnificent indifference, will be ready to take me by the hand again; and ſome, whom I never held in that eſtimation, will like ———, (who was but a boy when I left London) boaſt of a connexion with me, which they never had. Had I the virtues, and graces, and accompliſhments of St. Paul himſelf, I might have them at Olney and nobody would care a button about me, yourſelf and one or two more excepted. Fame begets favour; and one talent, if it be rubbed a little bright by uſe and practice, will procure a man more friends than a thouſand virtues. Dr. Johnſon, (I believe) in the life of one of our poets, ſays, 'that he retired from the world flattering himſelf, that he ſhould be regretted. But the world never miſſed him.' I think his obſervation upon it is, that 'the vacancy made by the retreat of any individual, is ſoon filled up, that a man may always be obſcure, if he chooſes to be ſo, and that he, who neglects the world, will be by the world neglected.'

"Your mother and I walked yeſterday in the Wilderneſs. As we entered the gate, a glimpſe of ſomething white, contained in a little hole in the gate-poſt, caught my eye. I looked again, and diſcovered a bird's-neſt, with two tiny eggs in it. By and by they will be fledged, and tailed, and get wing-feathers, and fly. My caſe is ſomewhat ſimilar to that of the parent-bird. My neſt is in a little nook. Here I brood, and hatch, and in due time my progeny takes wing and whiſtles.

"We wait for the time of your coming with pleaſant expectation.

"Yours truly,

"W. C."

Letter CXXXV. contains Cowper's opinion of *Johnſon*.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Auguſt 27, 1785.

"My dear Friend,

"I was low in ſpirits yeſterday, when your parcel came and raiſed them. Every proof of attention and regard to a man who lives in a vinegar-bottle, is welcome from his friends on the out-ſide of it—accordingly your books were welcome, (you muſt not forget by the way, that I want the original of which you have ſent me the tranſlation only) and the ruffles from Miſs Shuttleworth moſt welcome. I am covetous, if ever man was, of living in the remembrance of abſentees, whom I highly value and eſteem, and conſequently felt myſelf much gratified by her very obliging preſent. I have had more comfort, far more comfort, in the connexions that I have formed within the laſt twenty years, than in the more numerous ones that I had before. Memorandum—The latter are almoſt all Unwins or Unwiniſms. You are entitled to my thanks alſo for the facetious engravings of John Gilpin. A

ſerious poem is like a ſwan, it flies heavily and never far, but a jeſt has the wings of a ſwallow, that never tire, and that carry it into every nook and corner. I am perfectly a ſtranger however to the reception that my volume meets with, and I believe in reſpect of my *nonchalance* upon that ſubject, if authors would but copy ſo fair an example, am a moſt exemplary character. I muſt tell you nevertheleſs, that although the laurels that I gain at Olney, will never miniſter much to my pride, I have acquired ſome. The Rev. Mr. S——— is my admirer, and thinks my ſecond volume ſuperior to my firſt. It ought to be ſo. If we do not improve by practice, then nothing can mend us; and a man has no more cauſe to be mortified at being told that he has excelled himſelf, than the elephant had, whoſe praiſe it was that he was the greateſt elephant in the world himſelf excepted. If it be fair to judge of a book by an extract, I do not wonder that you were ſo little edified by Johnſon's Journal. It is even more ridiculous than was poor ———'s of flatulent memory. The portion of it given to us in this day's paper, contains not one ſentiment worth one farthing, except the laſt, in which he reſolves to bind himſelf with no more unbidden obligations. Poor man! one would think that to pray for his dead wife, and to pinch himſelf with church-faſts, had been almoſt the whole of his religion. I am ſorry that he who was ſo manly an advocate for the cauſe of virtue, in all other places, was ſo childiſhly employed, and ſo ſuperſtitiouſly too, in his cloſet. Had he ſtudied his Bible more, to which by his own confeſſion, he was in great part a ſtranger, he had known better what uſe to make of his retired hours, and had trifled leſs. His lucubrations of this ſort, have rather the appearance of religious dotage, than of any vigorous exertions towards God. It will be well if the publication prove not hurtful in its effects, by expoſing the beſt cauſe, already too much deſpiſed, to ridicule ſtill more profane. On the other ſide of the ſame paper, I find a long ſtring of aphoriſms, and maxims, and rules, for the conduct of life, which, though they appear not with his name, are ſo much in his manner, with the above mentioned, that I ſuſpect them for his. I have not read them all, but ſeveral of them I read that were trivial enough; for the ſake of one however, I forgive him the reſt—he adviſes never to baniſh hope entirely, becauſe it is the cordial of life, although it be the greateſt flatterer in the world. Such a meaſure of hope as may not endanger my peace, by a diſappointment, I would wiſh to cheriſh upon every ſubject in which I am intereſted. But there lies the difficulty. A cure however, and the only one, for all the irregularities both of hope and fear, is found in ſubmiſſion to the will of God. Happy they that have it!

"This laſt ſentence puts me in mind of your reference to Blair in a former letter, whom you there permitted to be your arbiter to adjuſt the reſpective claims of *who* or *that*. I do not raſhly differ from ſo great a grammarian, nor do at any rare differ from him altogether—upon ſolemn occaſions, as in prayer or preaching for inſtance, I would be ſtrictly correct, and upon ſtately ones, for inſtance were I writing an epic poem, I would be ſo likewiſe, but not upon familiar occaſions. God *who* heareth prayer, is right. Hector *who* ſaw Patroclus, is right. And the man *that* dreſſes me every day, is in my mind right alſo;—becauſe the contrary would give an air of ſtiffneſs and pedantry to an expreſſion that in reſpect of the matter of it, cannot be too negligently made up.

"Adieu, my dear William! I have ſcribbled, with all my might, which, breakfaſting-time excepted, has been my employment ever ſince I roſe, and it is now paſt one.

"Yours,

"W. C."

Letter CXXXIX. relates to his *Tranſlation of Homer*.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Jan. 14, 1786.

"My dear William,

"I am glad that you have ſeen Lady Heſketh. I knew that you would find her every thing that is amiable and elegant. Elſe, being my relation, I would never have ſhown her to you. She alſo was delighted with her viſitor, and expects the greateſt pleaſure in ſeeing you again; but is under ſome apprehenſions, that a tea-

der regard for the drum of your ear may keep you from her. Never mind! You have two drums, and if ſhe ſhould crack both, I will buy you a trumpet.

"General Cowper having much preſſed me to accompany my propoſals with a ſpecimen, I have ſent him one. It is taken from the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, and is part of the interview between Priam and Achilles. Tell me, if it be poſſible for any man to tell me—why did Homer leave off at the burial of Hector? Is it poſſible, that he could be determined to it by a conceit, ſo little worthy of him, as that, having made the number of his books completely the alphabetical number, he would not for the joke's ſake, proceed any farther? Why did he not give us the death of Achilles, and the deſtruction of Troy? Tell me alſo, if the critics, with Ariſtotle at their head, have not found, that he left off exactly where he ſhould, and that every epic poem to all generations, is bound to conclude with the burial of Hector? I do not in the leaſt doubt it. Therefore if I live to write a dozen epic poems, I will always take care to bury Hector, and to bring all matters at that point to an immediate concluſion.

"I had truly a kind letter from Mr. ———, written immediately on his recovery from the fever. I am bound to honour James's powder, not only for the ſervices it has often rendered to myſelf, but ſtill more for having been the means of preſerving a life ten times more valuable to ſociety, than mine is ever likely to be.

"You ſay,—'Why ſhould I trouble you with my troubles?'—I anſwer—Why not? What is a friend good for, if we may not lay one end of the ſack upon his ſhoulders, while we ourſelves carry the other?

"You ſee your duty to God, and your duty to your neighbour; and you practiſe both with your beſt ability. Yet a certain perſon accounts you blind. I would, that all the world were ſo blind even as you are. But there are ſome in it, who like the Chineſe, ſay—'We have two eyes; and other nations have but one!' I am glad, however, that in your one eye, you have ſight enough to diſcover, that ſuch cenſures are not worth minding.

"I thank you heartily for every ſtep you take in the advancement of my preſent purpoſe.

"Contrive to pay Lady H. a long viſit, for ſhe has a thouſand things to ſay.

"Yours, my dear William,

"W. C."

A deſcription of his own ſituation in Letter CXLI. is amuſing.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"Olney, July 3, 1786.

"My dear William,

"After a long ſilence, I begin again. A day given to my friends, is a day taken from Homer, but to ſuch an interruption now and then occurring, I have no objection. Lady Heſketh is as you obſerve, arrived—and has been with us near a fortnight. She pleaſes every body, and is pleaſed in her turn, with every thing ſhe finds at Olney; is always cheerful, and ſweet-tempered; and knows no pleaſure equal to that of communicating pleaſure to us, and to all around her. This diſpoſition in her, is the more comfortable, becauſe it is not the humour of the day, a ſudden flaſh of benevolence and good ſpirits, occaſioned merely by a change of ſcene, but it is her natural turn, and has governed all her conduct ever ſince I knew her firſt. We are conſequently happy in her ſociety, and ſhall be happier ſtill, to have you to partake with us in our joy. I am fond of the ſound of bells, but was never more pleaſed with thoſe of Olney, than when they rang her into her new habitation. It is a compliment that our performers upon thoſe inſtruments have never paid to any other perſonage (Lord Dartmouth excepted) ſince we knew the town. In ſhort, ſhe is as ſhe ever was, my pride and my joy; and I am delighted with every thing that means to do her honour. Her firſt appearace was too much for me; my ſpirits, inſtead of being greatly raiſed, as I had inadvertently ſuppoſed they would be, broke down with me, under the preſſure of too much joy, and left me flat, or rather melancholy, throughout the day, to a degree that was mortifying to myſelf, and alarming to her. But I have made amends for this failure

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"And now I ſhall communicate news that will give you pleaſure. When you firſt contemplated the front of our abode, you were ſhocked. In your eyes it had the appearance of a priſon, and you ſighed at the thought that your mother lived in it. Your view of it was not only juſt, but prophetic. It had not only the aſpect of a place built for the purpoſes of incarceration, but has actually ſerved that purpoſe through a long, long period, and we have been the priſoners. But a jail-delivery is at hand. The bolts and bars are to be looſed, and we ſhall eſcape. A very different manſion, both in point of appearance, and accommodation, expects us; and the expence of living in it not greater than we are ſubjected to in this. It is ſituated at Weſton, one of the prettieſt villages in England, and belongs to Mr. Throckmorton. We all three dine with him to-day by invitation, and ſhall ſurvey it in the afternoon, point out the neceſſary repairs, and finally adjuſt the treaty. I have my couſin's promiſe that ſhe will never let another year paſs without a viſit to us, and the houſe is large enough to take us and our ſuite, and her alſo, with as many of hers as ſhe ſhall chuſe to bring. The change will I hope prove advantageous, both to your mother and me, in all reſpects. Here we have no neighbourhood, there we ſhall have moſt agreeable neighbours in the Throckmortons. Here we have a bad air in winter, impregnated with the fiſhy-ſmelling fumes of the marſh miaſma; there we ſhall breathe in an atmoſphere untainted. Here we are confined from September to March, and ſometimes longer; there we ſhall be upon the very verge of pleaſure-grounds, in which we can always ramble, and ſhall not wade through almoſt impaſſable dirt to get at them. Both your mother's conſtitution and mine, have ſuffered materially by ſuch cloſe and long confinement, and it is high time, unleſs we intend to retreat into the grave, that we ſhould ſeek out a more wholeſome reſidence. So far is well, the reſt is left to Heaven.

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Tumble and teize a tangled ſkein,
They bite the lip, they ſcratch the head,
And cry—'the Deuce is in the thread!'
They torture it, and jerk it round,
'Till the right end at laſt is found,
Then wind, and wind, and wind away,
And what was work is chang'd to play.

"When I wrote the firſt two lines, I thought I had engaged in a hazardous enterprize: for thought I, ſhould my poetical vein be as dry as my proſaic, I ſhall ſpoil the ſheet, and ſend nothing at all; for I could on no account endure the thought of beginning again. But I think I have ſucceeded to admiration, and am willing to flatter myſelf, that I have even ſeen a worſe impromtu in the news-papers.

"Though we live in a nook, and the world is quite unconſcious that there are any ſuch beings in it as ourſelves, yet we are not unconcerned about what paſſes in it. The preſent awful criſis, big with the fate of England, engages much of our attention. The action is probably over by this time, and though we know it not, the grand queſtion is decided, whether the war ſhall roar in our once-peaceful fields, or whether we ſhall ſtill only hear of it at a diſtance. I can compare the nation to no ſimilitude more apt, than that of an ancient caſtle, that had been for days aſſaulted by the battering ram. It was long before the ſtroke of that engine made any ſenſible impreſſion, but the continual repetition at length communicated a ſlight tremor to the wall; the next, and the next, and the next blow increaſed it. Another ſhock puts the whole maſs in motion, from the top to the foundation; it bends forward, and is every moment driven farther from the perpendicular; till at laſt the deciſive blow is given, and down it comes. Every million that has been raiſed within the laſt century, has had an effect upon the conſtitution, like that of a blow from the aforeſaid ram, upon the aforeſaid wall. The impulſe becomes more and more important, and the impreſſion it makes is continually augmented; unleſs therefore ſomething extraordinary intervenes to prevent it—you will find the conſequence at the end of my ſimile.

"Yours,

"W. C."

Churchill is thus deleniated.

"LETTER CXLVIII.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"My dear William,

"How apt we are to deceive ourſelves where ſelf is in queſtion; you ſay I am in your debt, and I accounted you in mine: a miſtake to which you muſt attribute my arrears if indeed I owe you any, for I am not backward to write where the uppermoſt thought is welcome.

"I am obliged to you for all the books you have occaſionally furniſhed me with; I did not indeed read many of Johnſon's Claſſics—thoſe of eſtabliſhed reputation are ſo freſh in my memory, though many years have intervened ſince I made them my companions, that it was like reading what I read yeſterday over again; and as to the Minor Claſſics, I did not think them worth reading at all; I taſted moſt of them, and did not like them: it is a great thing to be indeed a poet, and does not happen to more than one man in a century. Churchill, the great Churchill, deſerved the name of poet; I have read him twice, and ſome of his pieces three times over, and the laſt time with more pleaſure than the firſt. The pitiful ſcribbler of his Life, ſeems to have undertaken that taſk, for which he was entirely unqualified, merely becauſe it afforded him an opportunity to traduce him. He has inſerted in it but one anecdote of conſequence, for which he refers you to a novel, and introduces the ſtory with doubts about the truth of it. But his barrenneſs as a biographer I could forgive, if the ſimpleton had not thought himſelf a judge of his writings, and under the erroneous influence of that thought, informed his reader that Gotham, Independence, and the Times, were catchpennies. Gotham, unleſs I am a greater blockhead than he, which I am far from believing, is a noble and beautiful poem, and a poem with which I make no doubt the author took as much pains as with any he ever wrote. Making allowance (and Dryden perhaps, in his Abſalom and Architophel ſtands in need of the ſame indulgence) for an unwarrantable uſe of ſcripture, it appears to me to be a maſterly performance. Independence is a moſt animated piece, full of ſtrength and ſpirit, and marked with that bold maſculine character which I think is the great peculiarity of this writer. And the Times (except that the ſubject is diſguſting to the laſt degree,) ſtands equally high in my opinion. He is indeed a careleſs writer for the moſt part, but were

ſhall we find, in any of thoſe authors, who finiſh their works with the exactneſs of a Flemiſh pencil, thoſe bold and daring ſtrokes of fancy, thoſe numbers ſo hazardouſly ventured upon, and ſo happily finiſhed, the matter ſo compreſſed, and yet ſo clear, and the colouring ſo ſparingly laid on, and yet with ſuch a beautiful effect? In ſhort, it is not his leaſt praiſe that he is never guilty of thoſe faults as a writer, which he lays to the charge of others. A proof that he did not judge by a borrowed ſtandard, or from rules laid down by critics, but that he was qualified to do it by his own native powers, and his great ſuperiority of genius. For he that wrote ſo much and ſo faſt, would through inadvertence and hurry, unavoidably have departed from rules, which he might have found in books, but his own truly poetical talent was a guide which could not ſuffer him to err. A race-horſe is graceful in his ſwifteſt pace, and never makes an awkward motion though he is puſhed to his utmoſt ſpeed. A cart-horſe might perhaps be taught to play tricks in the riding-ſchool, and might prance and curvet like his betters, but at ſome unlucky time would be ſure to betray the baſeneſs of his original. It is an affair of very little conſequence perhaps to the well-being of mankind, but I cannot help regretting that he died ſo ſoon. Thoſe words of Virgil. upon the immature death of Marcellus, might ſerve for his epitaph.

'*Oſtendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra*
Eſſe ſinent———.'

"Yours,

"W. C."

The laſt letter we ſhall add, is on the *Slave Trade*.

"LETTER CL.

"To the Rev. J. JEKYLL RYE, Dallington, near Northampton.

"Weſton, April 16, 1792.

"My dear Sir,

"I am truly ſorry that you ſhould have ſuffered any apprehenſions, ſuch as your letter indicates, to moleſt you for a moment. I believe you to be as honeſt a man as lives, and conſequently do not believe it poſſible that you could in your letter to Mr. Pitts, or any otherwiſe, wilfully miſrepreſent me. In fact you did not; my opinions on the ſubject in queſtion, were, when I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you, ſuch as in that letter you ſtated them to be, and ſuch they ſtill continue.

"If any man concludes becauſe I allow myſelf the uſe of ſugar and rum, that therefore I am a friend to the Slave Trade, he concludes raſhly, and does me great wrong; for the man lives not who abhors it more than I do. My reaſons for my own practice, are ſatisfactory to myſelf, and they whoſe practice is contrary, are, I ſuppoſe, ſatisfied with theirs. So far is good. Let every man act according to his own judgment and conſcience, but if we condemn another for not ſeeing with our eyes, we are unreaſonable, and if we reproach him on that account, we are uncharitable, which is a ſtill greater evil.

"I had heard before I received the favour of yours, that ſuch a report of me as you mention, had ſpread about the country. But my informant told me, that it was founded thus. The people of Olney petitioned Parliament for the abolition; my name was ſought among the ſubſcribers, but was not found; a queſtion was aſked, how that had happened? Anſwer was made that I had once indeed been an enemy to the ſlave trade, but had changed my mind; for that having lately read a hiſtory or an account of Africa, I had there ſeen it aſſerted, that till the commencement of that traffic, the Negroes multiplying at a prodigious rate, were neceſſitated to devour each other; for which reaſon, I had judged it better that the trade ſhould continue, than that they ſhould be again reduced to ſo horrid a cuſtom.

"Now all this is a fable. I have read no ſuch hiſtory; I never in my life read any ſuch aſſertion, nor had ſuch an aſſertion preſented itſelf to me, ſhould I have drawn any ſuch concluſion from it; on the contrary, bad as it were, I think it would be better the Negroes ſhould even eat one another, than that we ſhould carry them to market. The ſingle reaſon, why I did not ſign the petition was, becauſe I was never aſked to do it, and the reaſon why I was never aſked, was becauſe I am not a pariſhioner of Olney.

"Thus ſtands the matter. You will do me the juſtice, I dare ſay, to

ſpeak of me as of a man who abhors the commerce, which is now I hope in a fair way to be aboliſhed, as often as you ſhall find occaſion. And I beg you henceforth to do yourſelf the juſtice to believe it impoſſible that I ſhould for a moment ſuſpect you of duplicity or miſrepreſentation. I have been groſsly ſlandered, but neither by you, nor in conſequence of any thing that you have either ſaid or written. I remain therefore, ſtill as heretofore, with great reſpect,

" Much and truly yours,

" W. C.

" Mrs. Unwin's compliments attend you."

Then follow Twelve Letters to *Lady Heſketh* of a religious deſcription—*one* ſhall be given containing an anecdote of Dr. Young.

" LETTER V.

" July 12, 1765.

" My dear Couſin,

" You are very good to me, and if you will only continue to write at ſuch intervals as you find convenient, I ſhall receive all that pleaſure which I propoſed to myſelf from our correſpondence. I deſire no more than that you would never drop me for any great length of time together, for I ſhall then think you only write becauſe ſomething happened to put you in mind of me, or for ſome other reaſon equally mortifying. I am not however ſo unreaſonable as to expect you ſhould perform this act of friendſhip ſo frequently as myſelf, for you live in a world ſwarming with engagements, and my hours are almoſt all my own. You muſt every day be employed in doing what is expected from you by a thouſand others, and I have nothing to do but what is moſt agreeable to myſelf.

" Our mentioning Newton's Treatiſe on the Prophecies, brings to my mind an anecdote of Dr. Young, who you know died lately at Welwyn. Dr. Cotton, who was intimate with him, payed him a viſit, about a fortnight before he was ſeized with his laſt illneſs. The old man was then in perfect health; the antiquity of his perſon, the gravity of his utterance, and the earneſtneſs with which he diſcourſed about religion, gave him in the Doctor's eye, the appearance of a Prophet. They had been delivering their ſentiments upon this book of Newton, when Young cloſed the conference thus—' My friend, there are two conſiderations upon which my faith in Chriſt is built as upon a rock. The fall of man, the redemption of man, and the reſurrection of man, the three cardinal articles of our religion, are ſuch as human ingenuity could never have invented, therefore they muſt be divine—the other argument is this—If the Prophecies have been fulfilled, (of which there is abundant demonſtration) the Scripture muſt be the word of God, and if the Scripture is the word of God, Chriſtianity muſt be true.'

This treatiſe on the prophecies ſerves a double purpoſe, it not only proves the truth of religion, in a manner that never has been, nor ever can be controverted; but it proves likewiſe, that the Roman Catholic is the apoſtate, and Anti-chriſtian church, ſo frequently foretold both in the Old and New Teſtaments. Indeed ſo fatally connected is the refutation of Popery, with the truth of Chriſtianity, when the latter is evinced by the completion of the Prophecies, that in proportion as light is thrown upon the one, the deformities and errors of the other are more plainly exhibited. But I leave you to the book itſelf, there are parts of it which may poſſibly afford you leſs entertainment than the reſt, becauſe you have never been a ſchool-boy; but in the main it is ſo intereſting, and you are ſo fond of that which is ſo, that I am ſure you will like it.

" My dear Couſin, how happy am I in having a friend to whom I can open my heart upon theſe ſubjects! I have many intimates in the world, and have had many more than I ſhall have hereafter, to whom a long letter, upon theſe moſt important articles, would appear tireſome at leaſt, if not impertinent. But I am not afraid of meeting with that reception from you, who have never yet made it your intereſt, that there ſhould be no truth in the word of God. May this everlaſting truth be your comfort while you live, and attend you with peace and joy in your laſt moments. I love you too well not to make this a part of my prayers, and when I remember my friends on theſe occaſions, there is no likelihood that you can be forgotten. Yours ever,

" W. C."

"P. S.—Cambridge.—I add this poſtcript at my brother's rooms. He deſires to be affectionately remembered to you, and if you are in Town about a fortnight hence, when he propoſes to be there himſelf, will take a breakfaſt with you."

The volume concludes with an excellent original poem of Cowper. Being not long, we tranſcribe it for the entertainment of our readers.

"YARDLEY-OAK.

"Survivor ſole, and hardly ſuch, of all
That once liv'd here thy brethren, at my birth
(Since which I number three-ſcore winters paſt)
A ſhatter'd veteran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps
As now, and with excoriated forks deform,
Reliƈts of ages! Could a mind imbued
With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,
I might with rev'rence kneel, and worſhip thee!
"It ſeems idolatry with ſome excuſe,
When our fore-father Druids in their oaks
Imagin'd ſanƈtity. The conſcience, yet
Unpurified by an authentic aƈt
Of amneſty, the meed of blood divine,
Lov'd not the light, but gloomy, into gloom
Of thickeſt ſhades, like Adam after taſte
Of fruit proſcrib'd, as to a refuge, fled!
"Thou waſt a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thieviſh jay
Seeking her food, with eaſe might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, ſwallowing down
Thy yet cloſe-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vaſtneſs, at a gulp.
But fate thy growth decreed: autumnal rains,
Beneath thy parent-tree, mellow'd the ſoil
Deſign'd thy cradle, and a ſkipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepar'd
The ſoft receptacle, in which ſecure
Thy rudiments ſhould ſleep the winter through.
"So fancy dreams: diſprove it if ye can
Ye reas'ners broad awake, whoſe buſy ſearch
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiſs,
Sifts half the pleaſures of ſhort life away!
"Thou fell'ſt mature, and in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force inſtinƈt
Didſt burſt thine egg, as their's the fabled twins,
Now ſtars; two lobes protruding pair'd exaƈt:
A leaf ſucceeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Foſt'ring propitious, thou becam'ſt a twig.
"Who liv'd when thou waſt ſuch? Oh! couldſt thou ſpeak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious aſk
The future, beſt unknown, but at thy mouth
Inquiſitive, the leſs ambiguous paſt!
"By thee I might correƈt, erroneous oft,
The clock of hiſtory, facts and events
Timing more punƈtual, unrecorded facts
Recov'ring, and miſtated ſetting right—
Deſp'rate attempt till trees ſhall ſpeak again!
"Time made thee what thou waſt—king of the woods!
And time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to rooſt in! Once thy ſpreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign, and the numerous flock,
That graz'd it ſtood beneath that ample cope
Uncrouded, yet ſafe-ſhelter'd from the ſtorm.
No flock frequents thee now; thou haſt out-liv'd
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unleſs verſe reſcue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth!
"While thus through all the ſtages thou haſt puſh'd
Of treeſhip—firſt a ſeedling, hid in graſs;
Then twig; then ſapling; and, as century roll'd

Slow after century, a giant-bulk
Of girth enormous, with moſs-cuſhion'd root
Upheav'd above the ſoil, and ſides emboſs'd
With prominent wens globoſe; till at the laſt,
The rottenneſs, which time is charg'd to inflict
On other mighty ones, found alſo thee.
" What exhibitions various hath the world
Witneſſed, of mutability in all,
That we account moſt durable below!
Change is the diet, on which all ſubſiſt,
Created changeable, and change at laſt
Deſtroys them—ſkies uncertain, now the heat
Tranſmitting cloudleſs, and the ſolar beam
Now quenching, in a boundleſs ſea of clouds—
Calm and alternate ſtorm, moiſture and drought,
Invigorate by turns the ſprings of life
In all that live; plant, animal, and man,
And in concluſion mar them. Nature's threads,
Fine paſſing thought, e'en in her coarſeſt works,
Delight in agitation—yet ſuſtain
The force that agitates not unimpair'd
But worn by frequent impulſe, to the cauſe
Of their beſt tone their diſſolution owe.
" Thought cannot ſpend itſelf comparing ſtill
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almoſt nullity into a ſtate
Of matchleſs grandeur, and declenſion thence
Slow into ſuch magnificent decay.
Time was, when ſettling on thy leaf, a fly
Could ſhake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempeſts could not. At thy firmeſt age
Thou hadſt within thy bole ſolid contents
That might have ribb'd the ſides, and plank'd the deck
Of ſome flagg'd admiral, and tortuous arms,
The ſhipwright's darling treaſure, didſt preſent
To the four quarter'd winds, robuſt and bold,
Warp'd into tough *knee-timber, many a load!
But the axe ſpar'd thee; in thoſe thriftier days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thouſands, to ſupply
The bottomleſs demands of conteſt, wag'd
For ſenatorial honours. Thus to time
The taſk was left to whittle thee away,
With his fly ſcythe, whoſe ever-nibbling edge,
Noiſeleſs, an atom, and an atom more,
Diſjoining from the reſt, has unobſerv'd
Achiev'd a labour, which had far and wide,
(By man perform'd) made all the foreſt ring.
" Embowell'd now, and of thy antient ſelf
Poſſeſſing nought, but the ſcoop'd rind, that ſeems
An huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root;
Thou tempteſt none, but rather much forbidd'ſt
The feller's toil, which thou couldſt ill requite:
Yet is thy root ſincere, ſound as the rock,
A quarry of ſtout ſpurs, and knotted fangs,
Which crook'd into a thouſand whimſies, claſp
The ſtubborn ſoil, and hold thee ſtill erect.
" So ſtands a kingdom, whoſe foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wiſdom lay'd,
Though all the ſuperſtructure, by the tooth
Pulveriz'd of venality, a ſhell
Stands now—and ſemblance only of itſelf!
" Thine arms have left thee: winds have rent them off
Long ſince, and rovers of the foreſt wild,
With bow and ſhaft, have burnt them. Some have left

*Knee timber is found in the crooked arms of oak, which by reaſon of their diſtortion, are eaſily adjuſted to the angle formed where the deck and the ſhip-ſides meet.

A ſplinter'd ſtump, bleach'd to a
ſnowy white;
And ſome, memorial none where once
they grew.
Yet life ſtill lingers in thee, and puts
forth
Proof not contemptible of what ſhe can,
Even where death predominates. The
ſpring
Finds thee not leſs alive to her ſweet
force,
Than yonder upſtarts of the neigh-
bouring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth
receiv'd
Half a millennium ſince the date of
thine.
" But ſince, although well quali-
fied by age
To teach, no ſpirit dwells in thee,
nor voice
May be expected from thee, ſeated
here,
On thy diſtorted root, with hearers
none,
Or prompter, ſave the ſcene, I will
perform
Myſelf the oracle, and will diſcourſe
In my own ear, ſuch matter as I may.
" One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never
gaz'd,
With mute unconſciouſneſs of what
he ſaw,
On all around him; learn'd not by
degrees,
Nor ow'd articulation to his ear;
But moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upſtood intelligent; ſurvey'd
All creatures, with preciſion under-
ſtood
Their purport, uſes, properties; aſ-
ſign'd
To each his name ſignificant, and fill'd
With love and wiſdom, render'd back
to Heaven
In praiſe harmonious, the firſt air he
drew.
He was excus'd the penalties of dull
Minority; no tutor charg'd his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or
taſk'd his mind
With problems; hiſtory, not wanted yet,
Lean'd on her elbow, watching time,
whoſe courſe
Eventful, ſhould ſupply her with a
theme;——"

Two views of Cowper's monument, in Eaſt Dereham, Norfolk, are the only, but very neat and appropriate embelliſhments.

LXXX. AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D. *Profeſſor of Moral Philoſophy and Logic, Aberdeen. In which are occaſionally given Characters of the principal Literary Men, and a Sketch of the State of Literature in Scotland during the laſt Century. Some Poems, not generally known to be* DR. BEATTIE'S, *are alſo introduced in the courſe of the Narrative. By* ALEXANDER BOWER. *Baldwin, 5s. in boards.*

THIS pleaſing piece of biography is divided into ſeven ſections, in the firſt of which we are informed that Dr. Beattie was born the 5th of Nov. 1735, near Lawrence Kirk, in the county of Kincardine, about thirty miles this ſide of Aberdeen. This pariſh had enjoyed the labours of Ruddiman, ſo well known for claſſic erudition.

At the Mareſchal College, Aberdeen, Beattie acquitted himſelf well; then taught the parochial ſchool at Fordoun, near Lawrence Kirk, and from thence was called to the grammar ſchool at Aberdeen.

Of his very retired ſituation at *Fordoun*, take the following account.

" Very little is left for a biographer to relate of one in Mr. Beattie's circumſtances while at Fordoun. He had his public duty to perform which conſiſted in teaching a ſchool, and on each Sunday in officiating as clerk, or what in Scotland is called *precentor*. Every pariſh ſchool-maſter muſt do the latter as well as the former, or pay another for doing it.

" Of his particular ſtudies during this period an exact account cannot be given. There is little doubt that a very conſiderable portion of his time was devoted to the claſſics. However excellent his abilities were, he could not have otherwiſe reached that degree of eminence which he attained. Sudden and irregular fits of ſtudy are incapable of producing very great effects, becauſe the lot of man is ſuch, that proficiency in any branch of knowledge cannot be reaſonably expected without laborious and long continued application. Notwithſtanding that the bent of Mr. Beattie's mind ſeems to have led him to the cultivation of polite literature, it may be obſerved that it was one of thoſe ſtudies which a perſon in his ſituation could beſt

proſecute with ſucceſs. He had not to ſubmit to the drudgery of learning the elements; and he was in the poſſeſſion of ſome of the beſt claſſics, having neceſſarily purchaſed them when at ſchool and at college. Such books are alſo moſt commonly to be met with in a country place, where public libraries have not been eſtabliſhed.

"At Fordoun alſo he amuſed himſelf by compoſing little poems. Many of theſe were ſhown to his friends, who univerſally agreed in their admiration of his poetical talents. They tranſcribed ſome of them, and they were handed about in a certain circle. Mr. Beattie, as I mentioned above, ſent thoſe which he moſt eſteemed to the Scots Magazine. Thoſe effuſions of his Muſe are ſometimes dated from Aberdeen, at other times from Kincardineſhire, or from Fordoun. And one which we ſhall have occaſion to notice hereafter is different from all the reſt.

"There is ſome difficulty in aſcertaining exactly all the verſes contributed by him, becauſe an Aberdeen bookſeller of the name of Francis Douglaſs, and a Mr. Charles Gordon, a writer in Aberdeen, who had a great facility of expreſſing themſelves in rhyme, were much in the practice, at that time, of ſending their verſes to the ſame periodical publication. The greater number of Mr. Beattie's pieces have his name affixed to them, and even though they had not, a good judge, by a little attention, would eaſily diſtinguiſh the more important of his compoſitions from thoſe of Mr. Douglaſs, or of Mr. Gordon.

"It is probable that ſoon after he went to Fordoun he was engaged in the tranſlation of Virgil's Paſtorals. This he publiſhed in the firſt edition of his poems. In the preface we are informed that it was written at a 'very early time of life when ſolitude left the mind at liberty to purſue, without any fixed deſign, ſuch amuſements as gratified the preſent hour.' This appears to ſuit no period of his life ſo well as that which elapſed between his going to Fordoun in 1753, and his brother David's removing from Laurencekirk, and taking up his reſidence at Fordoun in 1755.

"Among thoſe fugitive pieces which were not republiſhed by Dr. Beattie, there is one that was compoſed on his reading the declaration of war which was made upon the 17th May, 1756. This poem is dated from Kincardineſhire, 7th June, of the ſame year. A ſhort extract from it will afford ſome idea of his talent at verſification at that time.

'Fir'd by your country's wrongs, ariſe to arms
Ye brave, whoſe breaſts a Britiſh ſpirit warms!
Defend the beſt of Kings, your rights aſſert,
And let the faithleſs find their juſt deſert.
Hawke, and Boſcawen! clad in terrors, go,
And hurl red vengeance on the treach'rous foe.
Far as the ſea extends his watry reign
Tell to the world, Britannia rules the main;
Proclaim that by the fixed decree of heav'n,
To her the empire of the ſea was giv'n:
This ſend in thunder to each hoſtile ear,
Let haughty nations tremble when they hear.'

"It concludes thus:

O thou Supreme! whoſe hand the thunder forms,
Wings the red light'ning, and awakes the ſtorms;
Whoſe word or lays the peaceful waves aſleep,
Or into mountains heaves the roaring deep;
At whoſe command the kingdom's riſe and fall,
Whoſe awful nod o'erturns the trembling ball;
Makes horrid war, and boiſt'rous tumult ceaſe,
And glads the nations with the ſweets of peace!
With joyful ſucceſs crown our juſt deſign,
And let thy face upon our armies ſhine;
In the dread day of danger and diſmay,
Propitious point to victory the way,
Still war's alarms once more, and let thy ſmile
With peace and plenty crown Britannia's iſle.'

"Scots Mag. Aug. 1756.

"I have purpoſely avoided making any remarks upon the poems Mr. Beattie publiſhed after he was a profeſſor, becauſe they will come naturally to be conſidered when we bring down his hiſtory to that period. There is one however in that collection which it is neceſſary to introduce in this

place, as it was the cauſe of making him better known, and reſcuing him from that obſcurity with which he had hitherto been ſurrounded. It was an unprofitable buſineſs in every ſenſe of the word to ſend his poetical eſſays to a magazine. Being anonymous, he could not even acquire fame by them. And it was only requiſite that his powers ſhould be brought into public notice, to receive that patronage to which they were ſo well entitled. His poetical talents were well known to his friends, but an event of a very melancholy nature furniſhed him with an opportunity of juſtifying the opinion entertained of him.

"On the 7th October, 1757, two brothers bathing in the Weſtwater, a river at no great diſtance from Fordoun, were unfortunately drowned. They were found ſoon after, faſt locked in each others arms. Mr. Beattie was requeſted to write an epitaph. It is ſtill to be ſeen engraved on a tomb-ſtone, in the church-yard of Lethnet, in Angus-ſhire, the pariſh in which the accident happened. I have inſerted it at full length, as few have had an opportunity of ſeeing it.

'To this grave is committed
All that the grave can claim
of two Brothers, David and John Leitch,
Who on the VII of October MDCCLVII,
Both unfortunately periſhed in the
Weſtwater;
The one in his XXII, the other in his
XVIII year.
Their diſconſolate father, John Leitch,
Tenant in Bonnington,
Erects this monument to the memory of
Theſe amiable youths;
Whoſe early virtues promiſ'd
Uncommon comfort to his declining years,
And ſingular emolument to Society.

'O thou! whoſe ſteps in ſacred rev'rence tread
Theſe lone dominions of the ſilent dead;
On this ſad ſtone a pious look beſtow,
Nor uninſtructed read this tale of woe;
And while the ſigh of ſorrow heaves thy breaſt
Let each rebellious murmur be ſuppreſt;
Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us how vain!
Heaven's wiſe decrees how impious to arraign!
Pure from the ſtains of a polluted age,
In early bloom of life, they left the ſtage;
Not doom'd in lingering woe to waſte their breath;
One moment ſnatch'd them from the power of death.
They liv'd united, and united died;
Happy the friends whom death cannot divide!

November 1ſt, 1757.'

"It may appear to be ſomewhat diſreſpectful to the memory of an author, to bring forward any part of his works which were afterwards diſclaimed by him. To this I anſwer, in the firſt place, that Dr. Beattie's fame is ſo deſervedly high, that it cannot be injured by this. And ſecondly, that it is otherwiſe impoſſible to give a faithful delineation of his mental character, or to exhibit a view of the progreſs of his mind.

"It has become very common for modern biographers to fill their narratives with little elſe than unqualified panegyrick. They may thus pay a tribute of affection and gratitude to their departed friend, or to him who is the object of their admiration. But the hero of the tale, in this caſe, is an ideal perſonage, and only fit to be introduced into a work of fancy. Delicacy and good manners indeed require that (as Metaſtaſio expreſſes it) one ſhould not be expoſed to public view in his ſhirt and night-cap; yet, unleſs a true repreſentation be given, it can do little honour to thoſe whom it is intended to exalt, and cannot ſerve the intereſts of mankind.

"Such a faithful detail of circumſtances is particularly neceſſary in the hiſtory of a poet. The common aphoriſm, *Poeta naſcitur non fit*, has perhaps miſled many. To preſume that a poet's imagination is unſuſceptible of improvement, would be extremely abſurd. Beſides many ſubordinate qualifications are neceſſary to the production of a good poem, which ought rather to be aſcribed to art than to any original peculiarity of mental character.

"Theſe general obſervations might, perhaps, have been ſpared, in as far as they regard the introduction of the above epitaph. It is not unworthy of a poet even of Beattie's rank. The firſt part of it is expreſſed with conſiderable felicity of diction, and exhibits a ſpecimen of that diſtinct ſimplicicity of language for which the philoſophical and critical works he afterwards publiſhed are ſo remark-

able. The poetry is ſmooth and harmonious, and, though a ſevere critic might object to one or two expreſſions, theſe are couplets not unworthy of Dryden or Pope, the greateſt maſters of Engliſh verſification.

"With what ſucceſs he had ſtudied the beſt Engliſh poets, at a very early time of life, is abundantly teſtified by this effort of his Muſe. He had not yet completed his twenty-ſecond year, and had to ſtruggle with difficulties, of which thoſe who have ready acceſs to the converſation of men of genius, and to an ample library, have perhaps no conception.

"Whether he had been in the habit of compoſing frequently upon ſubjects connected with polite literature during his reſidence at Fordoun, I know not. It is not very probable that much of his time was ſpent in this way. The propenſities of his mind led him to be occupied after a different manner. If I might hazard a conjecture, not founded upon one or two paſſages of his writings, but derived from thoſe kind of illuſtrations which he moſt generally adopts, I ſhould preſume that the writings of the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and thoſe of Addiſon in particular, had been read and admired by him at a very early time of life. His admiration indeed ſeems to have been exceſſive, and the impreſſion ſuch as could ſcarcely have been afterwards made.

"It is alſo worthy of being remarked, that he was required to write at leaſt two diſcourſes for the Divinity Hall, during each ſeſſion, an exertion which will not be reckoned inconſiderable by thoſe who are acquainted with the difficulties that young men encounter in their firſt attempts in compoſition. He who, like Mr. Beattie, is ambitious to execute his taſk well, and to acquit himſelf with honour, will beſtow double pains upon it. Any ſpare time he may poſſeſs is thus altogether conſumed.

"I have already mentioned that the whole family of the Beattie's poſſeſs an admirable ear for muſic. Mr. David Beattie and Mr. James Beattie had from their earlieſt years attempted to perform upon the violin. Of their comparative progreſs I can form little or no eſtimate. They ſung well. Thoſe, however, who muſt be allowed to be competent judges, have affirmed that Dr. Beattie's voice was by no means equal to that of his brother's. Even before Mr. Beattie went to Fordoun, he had made conſiderable progreſs both in the theory and practice of muſic. He was not, however, contented with the proficiency to which he had attained, and during his reſidence there he cultivated his powers in that way with uncommon ſucceſs. There are few poets who have not entertained, and expreſſed, a very great predilection for muſic. Of all poets, ancient or modern, Milton has ſpoken moſt feelingly of muſic, and like one who had derived much pleaſure from that elegant amuſement.

"It would be deſirable to know who the individuals were with whom Mr. Beattie principally aſſociated at this time. In a country village there is not great opportunity of making a ſelection. The miniſter, Mr. Forbes (of whom he always ſpoke in terms of the higheſt regard), and a few others, were the individuals with whom he was beſt pleaſed to ſpend any time that could be ſpared from his ſtudies."

We ſhall give an account of his *works* and the *honour* they procured him.

"In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixty-ſix, he married Miſs Mary Dun, daughter of Doctor James Dun, who, for nearly ſeventy years, was a teacher in the Grammar School, Aberdeen. It has been miſtated by ſome, that Beattie was married during the time that he was a maſter in that ſchool. He had been nearly ſix years a profeſſor before he was married. And this lady ſtill ſurvives him. Her brother ſucceeded Mr. Beattie in the grammar ſchool.

"I have every reaſon to preſume, that the far-famed Eſſay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth was compoſed about this period, though not publiſhed till ſome time after. His duty as a profeſſor naturally led him to the examination of thoſe doctrines ſo zealouſly maintained by the admirers, or I ought rather to ſay, authors of the ſceptical philoſophy. And how he has acquitted himſelf in that reſpect is well known to the public.

"Deſcartes and Locke had laid the foundation of that immenſe fabric of ſophiſtry and ſcepticiſm, which was afterwards reared by Berkeley and

Hume. The two former did not perceive the conſequences which flowed from ſome of the leading doctrines of their philoſophy. The two latter, however, with intentions as different as can poſſibly be imagined, ſhewed, that from the theory of ideas the moſt abſurd and dangerous doctrines might be proved to follow; doctrines which contradicted the experience and belief of all ages; even that body and ſpirit are not real exiſtences, but merely ideas in our minds.

"Some philoſophers, zealous for the cauſe of truth, and the beſt intereſts of mankind, were compelled to acknowledge, that the ſceptical philoſophy was fairly deduced from the firſt principles laid down by philoſophers of a very different deſcription. Their attacks, therefore, they ſoon perceived, ought not ſo much to be directed at the ſuperſtructure, as the foundation of the building.

"Dr. Reid poſſeſſes the unqueſtionable merit of having ſet the firſt example how the doctrine of ideas, and all its dreadful conſequences, might be ſucceſsfully oppoſed. His Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Senſe opened a new field of diſcuſſion to ſpeculative men. And the experience of forty years warrants the affirmation, that the publication of that work formed a new æra in the philoſophy of mind. This work had been publiſhed ſeveral years before the Eſſay on Truth appeared. The general principles, however, contained in both are perfectly the ſame.

"In the philoſophy of Reid, Beattie, and others, it is affirmed (what I believe few will deny) that ſome truths are perceived intuitively, while other truths require proof; and aſſent can only be given to the latter, by thoſe who underſtand the evidence upon which they reſt. That faculty by which truth is perceived, in conſequence of a proof, they have called *reaſon*; and the name of *common ſenſe* has been given to that faculty by which we perceive ſelf-evident truth.

"Great offence has been taken at the introduction of the words *common ſenſe* into a ſyſtem of philoſophy, eſpecially when the framers of that ſyſtem made it the baſis on which the whole of thoſe truths that require proof are placed. There are few philoſophers who have guarded as much againſt the ambiguity of language in their philoſophical ſpeculations as Reid and Beattie, and both of them have defined the preciſe meaning which they have affixed to the words *common ſenſe*, as they are employed in the various diſquiſitions publiſhed by them.

"No reaſonable offence could then have been taken at the introduction of that term into any philoſophical ſpeculation, provided that the definition given of it was ſtrictly adhered to. *Common ſenſe*, in the limited acceptation wherein it is taken in the writings of the philoſophers of whom we are ſpeaking, is a power poſſeſſed in conſequence of an ultimate law of our nature, of which no other account can be given than of any other faculty of the human mind. The cavils which have been made have ariſen from a diſlike to ſome of the doctrines which have been deduced from it, and the reaſonings of ſuch perſons have generally been confined to objections of that ſort.

"The Eſſay on Truth is divided into three parts. In the firſt the author diſcuſſes the ſtandard of truth. In the ſecond he gives illuſtrations of the doctrine he had laid down; and in part third he anſwers objections. He propoſes not to give a definition of truth, but only ſuch a deſcription of it as may make others underſtand what is meant by the word.

"In the firſt chapter he treats of the perception of truth, and explains at conſiderable length the diſtinction between reaſon and common ſenſe. And in the ſecond chapter, which he divides into nine ſections, he ſhows that all reaſoning terminates in firſt principles; conſequently that all evidence is ultimately intuitive, and that common ſenſe is the ſtandard of truth to man. The firſt part is more ſtrictly philoſophical than the other two. In the ſecond part he confirms his doctrine from the practice of mathematicians and natural philoſophers, and gives a hiſtory of the riſe and progreſs of modern ſcepticiſm, &c.

"To trace him through the different ſtages of his reaſoning is very far from my deſign. It would lead into a digreſſion which could not be inſerted in a ſhort memoir of Dr. Beattie's life.

"This Eſſay raiſed the author's

fame very high. It was much read and much praiſed in England; and what is very extraordinary, this was at a time when the writings of Reid, from whom Beattie derived whatever it contained of any importance, were comparatively ſpeaking little known. In South Britain his character as a philoſopher was much higher than in his native country.

"No one can deny that the Eſſay poſſeſſes great merit. With all ſubmiſſion however to better judges, I have long thought it inferior to the greater part of his other eſſays and diſſertations. He is often intemperate in his language, very frequently declamatory, which, though the book may have been thereby rendered more popular than it would have otherwiſe been, does not conſtitute great recommendation to a cool and diſpaſſionate reader. Theſe ſtrictures however are chiefly applicable to the ſecond and third parts of the eſſay.

"The chairs of the profeſſorſhips of moral philoſophy were never filled with profeſſors of equal ability in four of the five univerſities of Scotland, than they were at the time when Beattie was employed in the compoſition of his Eſſay; Dr. Smith in Glaſgow; Dr. Reid in King's College, Aberdeen, who taught moral philoſophy every third year; Mr. Beattie, in Mariſchal College, Aberdeen; and Dr. Adam Ferguſon in Edinburgh. This laſt gentleman is the ſon of the Rev. Mr. Ferguſon, Miniſter of Logierait, Perthſhire. He was taught to read Engliſh, &c. in his native village, and afterwards, I believe, derived every advantage which attendance at the ſchools of the town of Perth could afford.

"His career was very ſplendid at college, and the attention of the principal noblemen and gentlemen of the county of Perth was very ſoon directed to him. One of the firſt appointments which he received was the chaplainſhip of Lord John Murray's Highland regiment. On January the 8th, 1756, he was elected keeper of the Advocates library, in the room of the celebrated David Hume, who had reſigned upon the 4th of the ſame month. On July the 4th, 1758, he was elected profeſſor of natural philoſophy in the Univerſity of Edinburgh. And he afterwards ſucceeded to the chair of moral philoſophy in the ſame ſeminary.

"He taught there with great reputation, and not only by his prelections, but by the uncommon eloquence of his writings, contributed eſſentially to the fame of that univerſity. There are paſſages in his Hiſtory of Civil Society which not only equal, but have been long acknowledged to excel almoſt all his contemporaries in eloquence. His Roman Hiſtory, publiſhed upwards of twenty years ago, diſplayed great abilities; and the political reflections which he makes will bear to be compared with thoſe of Hume or of Robertſon.

"Mr. Beattie had the honour of ſeeing him, in Aberdeen, in the month of October 1766. For he then married Miſs Catharine Burnet, daughter of Mr. James Burnet, merchant there, who was nearly related to Dr. Joſeph Black.

"Profeſſor Ferguſon was appointed ſecretary to the embaſſy ſent to America, of which Lord Carliſle held his moſt reſponſible ſituation. Mr. Dugald Stewart upon a few days warning taught the claſs, and Dr. Ferguſon has never lectured ſince. He has however publiſhed a retroſpect of his lectures, full of the ſoundeſt maxims of moral and political wiſdom.

"The example which the illuſtrious profeſſors in the other univerſities afforded could not fail to raiſe a ſpirit of emulation in Mr. Beattie. To be eſteemed as an able teacher among ſuch aſſociates was no ſmall praiſe.

"We are informed by Mr. Beattie himſelf that the greater part of the Minſtrel was compoſed in the year 1768. It is probable that his great anxiety to qualify himſelf for the diſcharge of his profeſſional duty had interrupted, in a conſiderable degree, the ſtrong bent of his genius to cultivate the muſes. However, he returned with new vigour to his favourite amuſement; and the Minſtrel or the Progreſs of Genius has enrolled his name in the liſt of the moſt diſtinguiſhed poets. The firſt part of this beautiful poem was not publiſhed till about three years after it was compoſed.

"Few poems have been ſo generally read and ſo juſtly admired. In the preface he has aſſigned his reaſons for imitating Spencer in the meaſure of

his verſe; and there are few who will not allow that what he has there ſtated deſerves great attention. It ſuited the ſubject of the poem, and beſides it pleaſed his ear. The meaſure which pleaſed the ear of Spencer, of Thomſon, of Shenſtone, and of Beattie, ought not to be raſhly condemned. It muſt not be diſſembled however that critics of very great eminence have been of a different opinion.

"Mr. Beattie was then in the prime of life, being in his thirty-third year. A poem which has been ſo much read and admired by the public, ſtands in very little need of a critique on its merits. He has diſplayed very great powers of imagination. And the harmony, ſimplicity, and variety of the compoſition, will bear to be compared with the attainments of the greateſt maſters of Engliſh verſification. There are few ſtanzas in the two books which do not exhibit the moſt conſpicuous beauties; great correctneſs of taſte; a moſt admirable choice of imagery combined with thoſe other qualities which conſtitute excellence in poetical compoſition. The ſame opinion however has not ſo univerſally prevailed as to the unity or conſiſtency of the fable.

"The publication of Dr. Beattie's Minſtrel ſo very ſoon after his Eſſay on Truth, contributed moſt eſſentially to the general diſſemination of the latter. In Scotland it did not produce ſo ſudden nor ſo great effects as in England; but the friends whom his poetical genius gained him were of all perſons in the world beſt able to give popularity to a work of merit, and which treated of ſubjects in which few of the great maſs of readers conſider themſelves intereſted.

"On the twelfth of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſeventy, he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from King's College, Aberdeen.

"In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſeventy-one, Beattie, at the end of the ſeſſion of the College, propoſed to viſit London. His fame, as a man of genius, eaſily procured for him letters of introduction to the moſt celebrated literary characters in the Metropolis. He did not however leave Aberdeen till the month of July.

"Mr. Boſwell had the honour of introducing him to Dr. Johnſon. And his other friends exerted themſelves to procure for him as favourable a reception as his great merit deſerved. In Scotland this was an eaſy matter, becauſe he was already known to be a man of genius and an author of very conſiderable reputation. Many were therefore willing to proffer their ſervices, who, whilſt they ſhewed their own conſequence, were only making uſe of him to bring themſelves into notice. Beattie's merit moſt certainly was the cauſe of the great attention which he received at London. He was, as the great Lord Bacon expreſſes it, *Faber ſuæ fortunæ*, the architect of his own fortune.

"It would be of very little conſequence, even though it were poſſible, to relate the different circumſtances which accompanied his introduction to the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Lyttleton, Dr. Johnſon, Mr. Burke, Dr. Hurd, Dr. Porteous, or Mrs. Montagu. The latter ſhewed him great civility, not only upon this, but upon every other occaſion which afterwards occurred. His obligations to many individuals, in conſequence of the kindneſs he experienced on this viſit, made a laſting impreſſion upon his mind. He was perhaps not previouſly aware of the high degree of eſtimation in which he was held in the capital; and ſanguine as his expectations might have been, they were perhaps exceeded.

"Beattie's modeſty and good ſenſe in converſation muſt have contributed conſiderably to his reputation among his friends in London; even as it was what firſt brought him forward in every ſituation in life. After remaining a ſhort time in London he returned to Aberdeen, and felt thoſe agreeable ſenſations which perſons only who have experienced unexpected ſucceſs can eſtimate.

"His uſual academical labours occupied his attention, for he was always zealous to promote the benefit of his pupils, and in their behalf did not regret any exertion on his own part. The extent and variety of his courſe could not fail to improve thoſe ſtudents who attended his claſs, and the proficiency which many of his ſcholars have made puts this beyond a doubt.

"In the year 1772, his mother

died at the advanced age of fourſcore years. Her affectionate ſon, Mr. David Beattie, had for thirty years ſhewn her every mark of attention and kindneſs, and it was in his houſe at Johnſtone, in the neighbourhood of Laurencekirk, that ſhe died. She had (what has not often been met with) the agreeable ſatisfaction of ſeeing her youngeſt ſon hold one of the moſt reſpectable ſituations in ſociety, and arrive at a degree of eminence which, partial as ſhe might have been to him, ſhe had never expected. Thoſe perſons who knew her beſt have repreſented her as poſſeſſed of great ſelf-command—as a prudent, kind woman, and as exemplifying thoſe ſimple and unaffected manners, which were then more frequently to be found in Scotland than they are at preſent.

"Her ſelf-command was ſhewn upon a very peculiar occaſion, the particulars of which I have choſen to introduce in this place, not from any credulity in ſimilar ſtories which I have heard related, but from the unqueſtionable evidence upon which the circumſtances that follow are proved really to have happened.

"Dr. Beattie's maſter, James Milne, like many an admirable ſcholar, died very poor. If I miſtake not he left only one ſon who ſtill reſides in Laurencekirk, and is perhaps the only ſchool-fellow of Beattie now alive. Milne however had a numerous family of daughters. Mrs. Beattie, as was then, and ſtill is the cuſtom in country villages in Scotland, was requeſted to witneſs his death. She was preſent when that event happened. After he was to all appearance dead, his daughters *poured forth the moſt bitter lamentations.* Nothing could poſſibly reſtrain the violence of their paſſion. And James Milne, after being ſuppoſed dead for ſome minutes, actually raiſed himſelf upon his bed, and with the utmoſt violence uttered many words, none of which thoſe who were preſent underſtood. They called the words Latin, but it is probable that his character as a great Latin ſcholar (which was acknowledged through the whole country) had induced them to form that opinion.

"I profeſs no credulity in ſimilarly atteſted ſtories, for many reaſons. The principal cauſe of the reports of the reſuſciation of ſuch individuals has been to conſtitute a vehicle for the introduction of the moſt abſurd, contradictory, and enthuſiaſtic notions. Nothing miraculous is pretended in the caſe alluded to; no doctrine, no theory, religious or philoſophical, was or is ingrafted upon what cannot be denied to be an unqueſtionable fact. I only humbly recommended it to thoſe philoſophers who have made phyſiology their particular ſtudy, to attempt an explanation of this ſingular phenomenon. It is the more worthy attention, becauſe many ſimilar inſtances are to be found in Scotland (and I ſuppoſe in all countries) of perſons who, according to the vulgar language of North Britain, are ſaid *to be cried back.* They may have been ſuppoſed dead when not really ſo. Or, perhaps, other cauſes may have co-operated, which modern philoſophers have, notwithſtanding all their labour and ſagacity, not yet diſcovered.

"Mrs. Beattie uſed every effort to compoſe Milne's family. And when the noiſe ſubſided, James Milne *died.* Any fact added to the hiſtory of human nature is valuable; and though it may not correſpond with thoſe ſyſtems which may be current, it may furniſh data to ſome individual who may hereafter deſerve the name of Interpreter of Nature.

"The life of a ſcholar conſiſts (as I have more than once remarked in the courſe of this memoir) of little elſe than a hiſtory of his writings. Dr. Beattie was buſily occupied in improving himſelf in thoſe branches of knowledge which men of leſs aſpiring minds would perhaps imagine he had already ſufficiently cultivated.

"About the beginning of June, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſeventy-three, he again went to London. His encouragement upon his former viſit was, to a man in his eaſy circumſtances, a ſufficient inducement to undertake another journey to the capital. He had another reaſon which, though conſidered by the envious and illiberal as entailing ſervitude, has never hitherto been applied to an improper purpoſe. His merit, as an author, had even called the attention of royalty; a ſignal proof how highly he was rated by all deſcriptions in the community.

His preſent Majeſty has, beyond all

precedent, extended his patronage to eminent literary characters. This patronage has originated ſolely from himſelf; and the moſt diſcontended candidates for public favour have not had the hardihood to affirm, that the royal bounty has in any inſtance been conferred upon an unworthy object. This is no ſmall teſtimony to the rectitude of intention, and to the diſcrimination of the patron.

"A ſhort time after Beattie went to London a memorial was preſented to the King. Dr. Beattie had, it is likely, the moſt expreſs aſſurance from his Majeſty's ſervants that his memorial ſhould not paſs unnoticed. The form however of petitioning the King is never diſpenſed with. Beattie's petition was favourably received.

"On the 30th of June, 1773, he was preſented to the King at the levee by Lord Dartmouth. The levee was on that day exceedingly crowded. Dr. Beattie however had the diſtinguiſhed honour of converſing with the King for five minutes; a mark of attention not conferred upon ordinary men, and which thoſe who are in the greateſt favour do not always preſume to expect.

"The ſubſtance of this converſation with his Majeſty conſiſted chiefly in high commendations and compliments, ſtrongly and elegantly expreſſed on his writings, particularly his Eſſay on Truth. Such unexpected panegyric could not fail to make a laſting impreſſion on his mind. Any attention from one in ſo elevated a ſituation (from the chief Magiſtrate of a great nation) is a compliment which few have ever received.

"On the 21ſt of Auguſt following, Dr. Beattie received a letter from Mr. Robinſon, Lord North's ſecretary, which communicated to him the agreeable information that his Majeſty had been pleaſed to appoint him a penſion; and aſſuring him that when other neceſſary buſineſs was diſpatched the warrant for payment of the penſion ſhould be made out.

"This was accordingly done after a reaſonable time had elapſed. He was obliged however ſtill to remain in London, as his buſineſs was not yet completed.

"Beattie was during this time informed that his Majeſty had expreſſed a deſire to admit him to a private audience. And accordingly upon the 27th of October he had an audience of their Majeſties at Kew. He remained there for an hour and a quarter. He uniformly expreſſed his admiration of the general knowledge which both the King and Queen diſcovered upon every topic which happened to become the ſubject of converſation. A more intimate knowledge with the former and preſent ſtate of literature was diſcovered by them, than in his opinion could have been expected from perſons in their elevated ſtation.

"When Dr. Beattie was about to retire, he expreſſed himſelf thus to his Majeſty: 'I hope, Sir, your Majeſty will pardon me, if I take this opportunity of returning you my humble and moſt grateful acknowledgments for the honour you have been pleaſed to confer upon me.' His Majeſty was pleaſed to reply:

"'I think I could not have done leſs for a man who has done ſo much ſervice to the nation in general, and to the cauſe of truth. I ſhall be always glad of an opportunity to ſhew the good opinion I have of you.'

"He was chiefly employed for a conſiderable period after he returned from London, in preparing his Eſſay on Truth for another edition. This he publiſhed at Edinburgh in the year 1776. Beſides the two Eſſays formerly mentioned, viz. that on Poetry and Muſic, and that on Laughter and Ludicrous Compoſition, there is in the ſame volume an Eſſay on the Utility of Claſſical Learning.

"In the year 1777, he was engaged in copying for the preſs the Eſſay on Memory and Imagination, ſee p. 12 of that Eſſay. I ſay copying, becauſe the public are expreſsly informed that what he then publiſhed were parts of thoſe lectures which he delivered to the ſtudents under his care.

"This Eſſay is, in my opinion, the maſter-piece of Beattie's proſe works. It affords one of the beſt ſpecimens of what I may perhaps be permitted to call "the popular lecture." It contains a vaſt variety of facts collected with great care, and his reaſoning upon thoſe facts is in general unexceptionable. The ſame obſervation however may be made here which was made upon the Eſſay on Poetry and Muſic, that the two parts of the Eſſay do not hang together ſo cloſely

as perhaps a ſevere critic would be diſpoſed to require."

Dr. Beattie having loſt his two ſons, the one in 1791, and the other in 1796—the biographer adds,

"Theſe, and other misfortunes, to uſe the language of the poet, 'harrowed up the ſoul' of Dr. Beattie, and his health, never at any time good, was thereby very conſiderably impaired. He was no longer under the neceſſity of doing the duty of the claſs, becauſe he had the influence to get Mr. George Glenny appointed his aſſiſtant and ſucceſſor.

"Of late years he entirely ſequeſtered himſelf from ſociety, and even the kind attentions and civilities of his friends and admirers were not reliſhed by him. He dropped all correſpondence with his old Engliſh friends, and their numerous inquiries after the ſtate of his health did not now excite thoſe quick ſenſibilities of which he had formerly been ſo ſuſceptible. Premature old age, with all its infirmities, had made rapid advances upon him, and for three years before his death, he kept the houſe, and was for a great part of that time confined to his bed. If I miſtake not, the laſt time he ventured out to take a ſhort walk, was in the month of June, 1800. He was then very corpulent, and diſcovered extreme debility. At this time he was only about ſixty-five years of age.

"His perſon was about the middle ſize, of a broad, ſquare make, which ſeemed to indicate a more robuſt conſtitution than he really had. I have formerly mentioned that he was, during the whole courſe of his life, ſubject to attacks of head-ach, which upon many occaſions interrupted his ſtudies. His features were exceedingly regular; his complexion was ſomewhat dark; his eyes had more expreſſion than thoſe of any other perſon I remember to have ſeen.

"In the earlier part of his life he ſhewed great convivial talents, and was much admired in company, for his wit and uncommon flow of humour. He indulged himſelf, however, in liberties of that kind very ſeldom for many years paſt. He was a moſt admirable punſter. Many of his puns are often quoted in converſation in the north; which, as far as that kind of wit deſerves praiſe, diſcover great facility of invention. Any time that I ever ſaw him in company he was remarkably ſilent, but I could diſcover that he was not only attentive to the converſation, but ſeemed to be ſtudying the features of thoſe perſons with whom he was in company.

"In another ſituation, and with other aſſociates, it is likely that he would have exerted himſelf more, and would perhaps have taken a much greater ſhare in the converſation. He was an excellent phyſiognamiſt, and from his great intercourſe with the world, his long experience and his knowledge of human nature, he formed a very correct opinion of the characters of thoſe with whom he happened to converſe.

"What enhances Dr. Beattie's merit in the eſtimation of all good judges is, that the circumſtances wherein he was originally placed were ſo unfavourable towards procuring advancement. If he had poſſeſſed the advantages of birth or of fortune, his ſucceſs would not have been conſidered as ſo extraordinary.

"In every ſituation in life he acquitted himſelf with credit, and had the addreſs to recommend himſelf to ſuch perſons as were likely to do him a ſervice. His manners were very conciliating, and he had a vein of good ſenſe that rarely deſerted him, and without which men of great abilities can never expect to intereſt in their behalf thoſe who have it in their power to adminiſter to their promotion. Learning alone cannot do this.

"What a contraſt is to be diſcerned between the manner wherein Beattie and Burns were affected by the attention and flattery of the public. The former was in all ſituations reſpectable, and improved every opportunity to the beſt advantage; while the latter became giddy as it were with the applauſe which he received, and ſeemed to forget that without prudence, and a proper reſerved diſcretion, the moſt ſplendid talents cannot long enſure that reſpect without which no man can ſucceſsfully recommend himſelf to a patron, or gain his good opinion, ſo far as to induce him to exert himſelf in favour of his client.

"Though the early hiſtory of theſe two poets may bear ſome reſemblance, yet there are a great many important circumſtances wherein it differed. Their poetical genius was alſo differ-

ent. Beattie poſſeſſed the benefit of a regular and liberal education. Burns had no opportunity of profiting by ſuch advantages; and the want of this cannot poſſibly be repaired. The one had ſtudied and formed his taſte upon the models of antiquity. With theſe the latter had no acquaintance. They both excelled in deſcriptive poetry. The images and alluſions of the one, however, are moſt commonly derived from the works of nature; while the other, with a bold and diſcriminating pencil, delineates character and manners. The genius of both was perfectly capable of reaching the ſublime and the pathetic; and both have done ſo in an eminent degree. Beattie, however, is more uniformly ſublime than Burns is, even in his beſt pieces. The taſte of the former was chaſte and highly cultivated; the latter had the ſtamina (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) of good taſte, but it had received little culture. Burns had a more vigorous mind. Beattie more acquired knowledge. The profeſſor's habits of ſtudy were regular, thoſe of the Ayrſhire poet were not ſo; his exertions were ſudden, and generally not long continued. And, finally, Beattie had ſtudied the art of verſification with great aſſiduity, whilſt Burns had paid little attention to the ſubject. The verſes of the former are, therefore, more remarkable for ſmoothneſs, harmony, and variety, than thoſe of the latter.

"The greater part of Dr. Beatties life was ſpent in the diſcharge of his duty as a profeſſor. Without viewing him in this character an imperfect conception of him muſt be conveyed to the mind. He began his career when the attention of literary men, particularly in Scotland, began to be ſtrongly directed to moral ſcience. And he had competitors in the line of his profeſſion, who muſt have contributed much to excite in him a generous emulation.

"At the commencement of his labours he took great pains to prepare himſelf upon thoſe particular ſubjects which it was his duty to explain to the ſtudents. Without this, no man can ever become a reſpectable profeſſor. With application and moderate abilities it is impoſſible that one, whoſe duty it is to teach any ſcience, can fail to improve himſelf. What he may not have inveſtigated with ſufficient attention in one ſeſſion he has an opportunity of re-conſidering the next. If he has been too prolix in ſome parts of his courſe, theſe he can abridge. If his illuſtrations of ſome abſtruſe doctrines have not been ſufficiently ample, he has it in his power to increaſe them, that the abſtract parts of the ſyſtem may be comprehended with greater eaſe by thoſe who have been but little accuſtomed to ſuch inveſtigations.

"Profeſſor Beattie in his lectures avoided (as much as was conſiſtent with affording a juſt idea of the topics he was called upon to diſcuſs) entering upon diſquiſitions of an abſtract or metaphyſical nature. Indeed his turn of mind and habits of ſtudy did not lead him that way. It would be a very idle buſineſs for a profeſſor to ſpend his time in attempting to inveſtigate indeterminable queſtions, which can be of no benefit to any one. But there is a very great difference nevertheleſs between paſſing over thoſe queſtions entirely, and giving a compendious view of them. That Beattie gave an excellent ſummary of the ſpeculative doctrines of moral philoſophy cannot be denied. It is evident however that he did not enter, with the ardour of his great maſter Dr. Reid, into thoſe diſcuſſions which relate to the intellectual, and active powers of man.

"His powers of abſtraction were by no means to be compared with thoſe of Reid. He was however admirably qualified to illuſtrate, in a popular, and yet not in an unphiloſophical manner, the doctrines of Reid's philoſophy; and the chief merit of the more abſtract parts of his philoſophical writings conſiſt in this.

"Beattie's lectures were always diſtinguiſhed by the introduction of a variety of practical obſervations. While they were familiar, they did not degenerate into that coarſe kind of illuſtration which both betrays a bad taſte, and degrades any ſubject however intereſting or important. Difficult queſtions relative to morals, ſuch as inquiries relative to the nature and foundation of virtue, &c. he did not proſecute to any great length in his lectures. In place of this he interſperſed obſervations which were

much calculated to direct the general behaviour of those who heard him.

"In this respect he seems to have imitated some of the ancients, and in particular to have had Cicero's offices in his view. Young men, in the situation of the generality of Dr. Beattie's students, stand in great need of such an instructor, and he who was attentive to the maxims laid down by the professor must have acquired much greater knowledge of the world than by his own experience he could for a long time have obtained.

"His lectures however were more miscellaneous than those of most professors of moral philosophy in Scotland. They contained an admirable view of polite literature, as extensive as the greater number of the courses of rhetoric. Here Beattie excelled. He seems to have been conscious of this himself, and therefore a considerable portion of the *session* was always spent on that part of his subject.

"He took the greatest care to teach his students the general principles of criticism. He pointed out to them in strong terms the necessity of cultivating a good taste; and in the composition of his own lectures, in the works which he published, and in his criticisms on works of merit, he shewed them the path that they ought to pursue.

"He possessed a most unfeigned reverence for the ancients, and was not a blind admirer but a successful imitator. Much of his time had been spent in the acquisition of classical learning. And being acknowledged to be a good critic he was better entitled than many to interpose his judgment

"Poetry, painting, and the other fine arts, were frequently alluded to by him. The first indeed he discussed at great length, and the substance of these prelections he published in his Essay on Poetry and Music. Even his preface to the first edition of his poems discovers an acuteness, and a discrimination which could hardly be looked for in a young man in his unfavourable circumstances.

"Though professor of logic, as well as moral philosophy, he paid very little attention to what has been called the school logic. If he disliked abstract metaphysical discussions on morals, he must have turned with abhorrence from the verbal quibbles and artificial distinctions without differences, of which that art not only chiefly but solely consists.

"In short, the general tendency of his prelections was to communicate a taste for elegant learning—to urge those who attended him to the practice of good morals, and not to rest contented with qualifications which are more showy than solid.

"Placed on so very public a station, he could not fail to be of essential service to those who were afterwards to fill the most responsible situations in that part of the country where he resided. Many of his pupils have acknowledged the obligations which they owed to him; and upon subjects of criticisms or polite learning in general, his opinions have long been considered as oracular and decisive; not from the peremptory and imperious tone wherein they were delivered, but from the influence which superior talents always acquire.

"I have in the former part of this memoir enumerated all Beattie's works, and made a very few strictures upon each. His prose works principally consisted, as we have seen, of parts of his lectures which he published; or treated of subjects which necessarily came under review in his class. Excepting his evidences of the Christian Religion they are all strictly professional. It must occur to every one who looks at the dates which Beattie has generally prefixed to his essays, and who reads the prefaces to his Dissertations and Moral Science, that he did little after he got his Majesty's pension compared with what he had done before.

"Dr. Beattie's style deserves very particular notice. It is evident even though he had not mentioned it, that the pattern he had proposed to himself was the style of Addison. Like his great master he studiously avoided the introduction of learned words, or such as are of foreign derivation. His sentences are uniformly simple in their structure. In this respect he has, in my opinion, excelled Mr. Addison.

"His prose works however must (with two exceptions) be considered as part of those lectures which he delivered to the students under his care. He therefore studied the greatest

plainneſs of expreſſion, and ſelected his illuſtrations from thoſe familiar topics which were beſt accommodated to the capacity of his hearers.

"Few authors who have written ſo much have been (if I may uſe that expreſſion) ſo equal to themſelves as Beattie. He had ſtudied the Engliſh language with the moſt unremitted attention, and he has avoided more ſucceſsfully than moſt of his countrymen thoſe barbariſms which ſo frequently have found a place in the works of eminent Scottiſh authors.

"He ſometimes, it muſt be confeſſed, ſeems to be diffuſe. He often introduces pretty long epiſodes into his works, which he doubtleſs would never have done had they been originally compoſed for any other purpoſe than to be delivered to a claſs of young ſtudents.

"It is very rare to find one poſſeſſed of poetical genius ſo uniformly ſimple in his ſtyle of compoſition in proſe. And this circumſtance, in my opinion, is more characteriſtic of Beattie's genius than any other that could be mentioned of him as an author.

"His poetry is moſt exquiſitely beautiful. And the ſame remark may be repeated in regard to it which we have made on his proſe writings—that he is always equal to himſelf, and never ſinks below what one would expect from the author of the Miſtrel. His poetical talents far exceeded his powers for ſcientific or philoſophical diſquiſition. And it is much to be regretted that ſo ſmall a part of his time had been of late years ſpent in the cultivation of the Muſes.

"Dr. Beattie was by no means careleſs of his poetical fame. Yet if we might judge from the extent of his proſe works it can ſcarcely be doubted that he both cultivated his talents for philoſophical diſcuſſion with greater ardour, and ſeemed to value himſelf more upon his character as a philoſopher than as a poet. This was moſt particularly the caſe for the laſt thirty five years of his life.

"After he had endured much bodily pain, and in a great meaſure had become inſenſible even to what he himſelf was ſuffering, Dr. Beattie died, at Aberdeen, upon the 18th day of Auguſt, 1803.

"It will be admitted, that if he was not at the time of his death the firſt literary character in the United Kingdom, he was ſecond or third in the liſt."

LXXXI. A COMPENDIOUS VIEW OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES: *Being the Subſtance of a Sermon, delivered before a Society of Proteſtant Diſſenters, at Newbury, in Berkſhire. By* DAVID JAMES, *Johnſon*, 30 *pages.*

THIS is a judicious diſcourſe on an important ſubject—at the cloſe the author ſums up its contents in theſe words:

"It is now time to bring the reflections made in the preceding pages to ſome iſſue. They ſhew us the deplorable condition of human creatures by nature as ſubject to the natural evils of life, and to the arreſt of death, as having a ſenſe of right and wrong in relation to their own conduct and that of others, yet by their ſenſes and paſſions, and the corrupt cuſtoms of the world, continually tempted to act contrary to their convictions of duty—as frequently ſuffering the painful effects of their vices, yet not forſaking them—as feeling deſires after happineſs, yet continually miſtaking both the object and the means for obtaining it—as having ſome ideas of God, yet not knowing, with certainty, in what manner he might be worſhipped with acceptance; what ends were to be anſwered by their creation; and what would be their final deſtiny? Under theſe circumſtances, the goſpel comes recommended by the authority of God, atteſted by miracles and prophecy, containing the diſcovery of a wonderful plan formed by his eternal wiſdom for the redemption of ſinners from the dominion of death; for their ſalvation from the penalties of ſin; and their recovery from the power of it, by communications of knowledge reſpecting the final iſſue of their conduct; and the means by which they might be trained up for glory and immortality beyond the grave. This wonderful plan of mercy was carried into effect by the incarnation, ſufferings, and meritorious death of Jeſus Chriſt, conſidered as a ſacrifice for ſin; and by his reſurrection from the dead, and aſcenſion into heaven, and the various offices which he ſuſtains as the prophet of God, the Saviour of

his appointment, Mediator, Interceſſor, Lord, and Judge; and alſo by the operation and influence of the Holy Spirit, not only in confirming the truth and divine authority of the goſpel, by ſigns and wonders, and diverſe miracles; but alſo in diſpoſing the mind to conſider of the doctrines of it, and to obey them from the heart; ſo as to put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteouſneſs and true holineſs. Now, ſaith the apoſtle, there are diverſities of gifts, but the ſame ſpirit; and there are differences of adminiſtration, but the ſame Lord; and there are diverſities of operations, but it is the ſame God that worketh all in all. It is the ſame God that worketh all in all by the gifts of the Spirit, and the adminiſtration of Jeſus Chriſt. All proceed from him as their origin, and to his glory they are ultimately to be referred. This appears to me to be the goſpel in miniature. To come to the Father for the bleſſings of the new covenant through the mediation of Jeſus Chriſt, and in a dependence on the influences of the Holy Spirit, is not only the doctrine of the text, but agrees with the whole ſcope and tenor of the New Teſtament; and to preach ſalvation as thus diſpenſed to ſinners, on the terms of repentance and faith in the Redeemer, is, according to my apprehenſions, preaching the goſpel. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. Many are the queſtions which have been ſtarted reſpecting the reaſons of this diſpenſation. Whether we are able to perceive thoſe reaſons or not, cannot be material. It is ſufficient for us to have competent evidence to believe, that the diſpenſation itſelf is of God. God, in common with every other benefactor, has a right to diſpenſe his favours in his own way, without aſſigning his reaſons. Many events continually occur in the courſe of Divine Providence, the reaſons of which are too deep for our penetration, and yet we have no doubt of the reality of thoſe events.—About the eſſence of the Son and Spirit, (whether the ſame with that of the Father), there have been many angry controverſies. Such controverſies are, and muſt be, in their nature, unprofitable, becauſe above human comprehenſion. We know not the eſſence of our wn ſouls. We can neither affirm, nor deny where we have no ideas. The evangelical doctrine concerning the Son and Spirit, was not revealed for the ſake of ſpeculation and controverſy; but that having a reaſonable ground of hope toward God, we may, in the way he hath preſcribed, by repentance, faith, and holineſs, become wiſe unto ſalvation. The ultimate deſign of the goſpel in all its doctrines and precepts, promiſes, and threatenings, whether they relate to the Father, unto whom we are to have acceſs; or to the Son, by whoſe mediation we obtain that privilege; or the Holy Spirit, by whoſe influence we are renewed and ſanctified, and fitted for the exerciſe of it; the deſign of all is, to deſtroy the dominion of ſin in our hearts, and to train us up in habits of piety, integrity, and holineſs, adapted to the happineſs of that everlaſting ſtate which God hath promiſed to all his faithful ſervants after death. If this end be overlooked and diſregarded, the moſt ſcriptural ideas of the goſpel diſpenſation will ſerve only to aggravate our guilt, and ſink us deeper into ruin. Without holineſs, no man ſhall ſee the Lord."

LXXXII. THE IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION TO THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER. *A Sermon, preached at George's Meeting-Houſe, Exeter; June the 17th, 1804: in Recommendation of the Academical Inſtitution in that City.* By JOHN KENTISH. *Johnſon, 31 pages.*

THIS excellent diſcourſe recommends the neceſſity of learning to Chriſtian Miniſters. We give the following extract by way of illuſtration.

"What learning is to the religious teacher of the preſent day, that, and more, was inſpiration to the apoſtles. Their leading object was to atteſt the reſurrection of their crucified maſter, and to publiſh the new covenant of Chriſtianity to Gentiles as well as Jews. It being neceſſary for this purpoſe that they ſhould ſpeak different languages, to which they had hitherto been ſtrangers, they were inveſted with this gift at the feaſt of Pentecoſt; nor with this alone, but with others that were eſſential to the ſucceſs of their undertaking. None of theſe ſupernatural endowments can with reaſon

be laid claim to in modern times. It is the appointment of Providence that human means ſhould now be employed for the inſtruction of Chriſtian miniſters. No fact is ſo deciſive upon this ſubject as the miracle to which I have referred. Indeed, even among thoſe who were honoured with the apoſtleſhip there was conſiderable variety in point of talents and information. Paul, for example, a man of education and highly ſuperior abilities, was choſen to the arduous office of preaching to the heathens: theſe qualifications are conſpicuous in his letters and diſcourſes; and it is obſervable that he enjoins Timothy to give himſelf to *reading and meditation*; an injunction which comes home with tenfold weight to candidates for the miniſtry in this diſtant age.

"As the goſpel was ſoon and dangerouſly corrupted by a falſe philoſophy, its friends availed themſelves of the aſſiſtance of education in vindicating the ſimplicity of the Chriſtian faith. Talents and knowledge diſtinguiſhed many of its early teachers and apologiſts; but in the ſame degree that a taſte for juſt reaſoning and ſcience declined, and the means of a valuable education were withdrawn, truth and virtue ſuffered, and the darkneſs of ſuperſtition overſpread the earth. The period of ignorance was the period of idolatry and licentiouſneſs. What little learning remained, if, indeed, it deſerved the name, was in the hands of monks and prieſts; and though, in the order of Providence, it was not altogether uſeleſs, it was wretchedly abuſed to the purpoſes of ſpiritual dominion. Knowledge and education revived at the æra of the reformation. Aſſiſted by the diſcovery of printing, they had contributed to haſten this event; and whoever conſiders the ſtate of religion in our own country ſince that time, will, on the whole, have great cauſe of thankfulneſs and ſatisfaction. Even though there are many and deep ſhades in the picture, he muſt yet behold it with delight, muſt acknowledge that our univerſities and academies, with all their defects, have been inſtrumental to the advancement of ſacred literature, that candidates for the miniſtry have been better educated than at former periods, that the ſcriptures have, in conſequence, been tranſlated, and tranſlated with increaſing accuracy, that Chriſtianity has been more ably defended, both from the pulpit and the preſs, that its records have been more clearly explained, and its ſpirit and power more generally felt. Happy if Proteſtants had continued faithful to their principles, nor denied each other the liberty in the exerciſe of which they all ſeparated from the ſee of Rome!

"Moſt of the miniſters who were ejected from the church of England in the reign of Charles the Second, having been brought up at the national univerſities, were fully competent to the office of inſtructing the youth of their own family, and of their own perſuaſion. Like ourſelves, they could not conſiſtently ſend their children to colleges which require the obſervance of practices, or a ſubſcription to articles, that are at variance with the principles of proteſtant diſſent. The ſeminaries which ſome of them ſet on foot, aroſe out of the neceſſities of their ſituation: there was no other method of providing their congregations with a ſupply of faithful and able teachers, and of well-educated members. Yet private and domeſtic as were theſe academies, they were conducted with increaſing reputation and ſucceſs. Here were formed ſome of the greateſt and beſt men who have adorned the non-conformiſt churches; not a few of whom have alſo enlightened and bleſt the world: while others of the ſame eminence received either the whole or part of their education at foreign proteſtant-univerſities; a meaſure which, at preſent, is not always practicable, however beneficial.

"In the courſe of years, the inſtruction of young men for the diſſenting miniſtry was an object which engaged the patronage ſometimes of ſocieties inſtituted for this expreſs purpoſe, ſometimes of opulent and zealous individuals: it was now carried on upon ſomething of a larger ſcale, and acquired greater value and importance in public eſtimation. Nor is it poſſible to look back upon the hiſtory and ſtate of our academies, from the Reſtoration to the times in which we live, without mingled feelings of pleaſure and of pain; of pleaſure and gratitude, that moſt of them were ſuperintended with conſi-

derable piety and learning, induſtry and talent, judgment and advantage, and rendered eſſential ſervice to the cauſe of truth and literature; yet with pain, that few ſubſiſt, or ſubſiſt with the proſperity and uſefulneſs of former days. The cauſes of their decay and diſſolution would be a copious and profitable, though a delicate, and, poſſibly, an unwelcome, ſubject of diſcuſſion. I will rather take this occaſion of avowing my decided preference of thoſe diſſenting academies in which a few pupils only are added to the tutor's family: they have not been the leaſt beneficial and reſpectable; and I am ignorant why they ſhould be the leaſt ſtable. The appearance and ſplendour of academical buildings are points of little moment: let us fix our wiſhes, in the firſt inſtance, upon regularity of diſcipline, and upon extent and ſolidity of inſtruction."

LXXXIII. *A Sermon occaſioned by the Death of the Late Rev. Dr.* JOSEPH PRIESTLEY. *Delivered in the Diſſenting Chapel in Monkwell Street, on Sunday Evening, April* 15, 1804. *By* JOHN EDWARDS, 47 *pages*, 1*s.* 6*d. Johnſon.*

MR. E. has ſelected Dan. xii. 3, as the ground of his ſpirited funeral eulogium.

We give the following extract as a ſpecimen.

"We are not at preſent acquainted with any work of God ſo grand, and wonderful, as man. If we conſider the ſtructure of his body, how ſuperior in contrivance, in dignity, and in utility to every other animal! But moſt his mental powers deſerve our admiration. Thoſe thoughts which range through infinite ſpace, and wander into eternity—That memory which treaſures up things paſt, and as by ſome ſtrange magic, ſummons them back again and makes them paſs before the mind in orderly review! That fancy which mixes and combines the forms of things and lends a kind of creative power to the painter's pencil, to the poet's pen, that underſtanding which imbibes the clear light of wiſdom, which apprehends, which reaſons, which judges, informs and corrects—If to the conſideration of theſe powers of the mind of man, we add that of the many virtues it is capable of exerciſing, induſtry, patience, piety, reſignation, fortitude, purity, and charity in all its lovely forms; when we conſider the variety, the verſatility, the grandeur, the importance, the energy and activity of the human intelligence—We cry out with the poet—'What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reaſon! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how expreſs and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehenſion how like a god! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!'

"Man has the greateſt capacity for the enjoyment of happineſs in himſelf, and for the diffuſion of happineſs around him of any being in this world; he is therefore the nobleſt and moſt valuable of all the beings in this part of the creation of God.

"But it is not to be concealed, that there is evil in this world. It is a world in which imperfection and corruption dwell; in which ſin and death have taken up their abode.

"Look at the material world and you will find ſtrong proofs of this ſcattered over its whole ſurface. Conſider the boundleſs ſands, the barren rocks, the regions infected with peſtilential air and thoſe ſcorched by the intolerable heat of a vertical ſun; the large portion of the globe ſurrounded with impenetrable barriers of ice, and bound in rigorous and eternal froſt—how much is deſert and barren, or fruitful only of plagues, of poiſonous herbs and venomed beaſts.

"Nor are the appearances of evil confined to the material world. It has evidently entered into the intellectual world. The mind of man in the beſt ſtate to which it can attain in the preſent life, is imperfect, and ſubject to the power of corruption. The ſeeds of vice lurk in the human heart. Too often are they found to ſpring up and bear deſtructive fruit. Man *then* becomes the worſt of evils to man. He deſtroys his fellow men. He deſtroys himſelf. Luſt and avarice, anger, revenge, jealouſy, and hatred take poſſeſſion of his boſom, and convert it into hell. Theſe like reſtleſs fiends hurry him into all the practices of fraud or force, of violence or of treachery, till habitual crime entirely defaces the image of God from the mind, and man becomes a ſubtle ſeducing dæmon, or a raging fury."

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